

THE LIVING AGE



CONTENTS for January, 1938

THE WORLD OVER.....	377
THE GERMAN SCENE	
I. AN OLD SOLDIER'S WARNING.....General Georg H. W. Marx	384
II. TÊTE-À-TÊTES IN GERMANY.....	387
POLITICS VERSUS MORALITY.....Don Luigi Sturzo	392
UNDER THE FASCES	
I. VISIT TO SOUTHERN TYROL.....	399
II. ESCAPE FROM LAMPEDUSA.....Giacomo Costa	401
HAVENS FOR FUGITIVE CAPITAL.....Paul Gerin	406
KNUD THE WOODSMAN (A Story).....Lucien Maulvault	410
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES	
VYSHINSKI, SOVIET PROSECUTOR.....A. Timofeyev	418
ROGER MARTIN DU GARD.....André Rousseaux	420
GENERAL AND MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK.....Lancelot Foster	422
PLACE IN THE SUN	
I. GERMANS AS MASTERS.....Patrick Balfour	426
II. A SUBSTITUTE FOR COLONIES.....Paul Elbel	429
POLAND, LAND OF WHISPERS.....A. L. Easterman	433
DESTINY IN ASIA	
I. SPEAKING FOR NIPPON.....Yosuke Matsuoka	437
II. BAIKAL—KEY TO ASIA.....Harrison Brown	439
HASHISH SMUGGLING IN EGYPT.....C. S. Jarvis	442
MISCELLANY	
I. LENIN TODAY.....A. T. Cholerton	448
II. GETTING MARRIED IN FRANCE.....Philip Hewitt-Myring	450
III. NAZI AMAZONS.....F. Winder	452
NOTES AND COMMENTS.....	454
AS OTHERS SEE US	
TYPICAL MIDDLE WEST TOWN.....Hannen Swaffer	456
BOOKS ABROAD.....	459
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF.....	464
WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS.....	469

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries."

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THE GUIDE POST

SOME months ago General Crozier, a retired British officer who had become a pacifist, wrote a book of sensational memoirs entitled *The Men I Killed*. In it he described the seamy side of his long and distinguished career, and his account of the cowardly flight of the Portuguese from their position on the Western Front caused a deal of impotent rage in Lisbon. Of course General Crozier had shot his own men on occasion and he spared no details. *The Men I Killed* was scarcely calculated to assist Mr. Hore-Belisha's efforts to persuade young Britishers to take the King's shilling and enter the service, so the book ceased to be advertised or even mentioned in the British press.

Our first article in this issue is by a retired German General who, while not turning pacifist, also displays a strong penchant for telling unpleasant truths about war. In 'An Old Soldier's Warning' he destroys what is perhaps the favorite Nazi myth—that Germany lost the World War because Socialist and Communist traitors stabbed her in the back. The author, Lieutenant-General Georg Heinrich Wilhelm Marx, showed his sceptical attitude four years ago in a pamphlet entitled *The Marne—Germany's Destiny?* There he asserted and proved—Ludendorff and the prescribed interpretations notwithstanding—that the setback on the Marne could not have been averted. Recently he has attacked the Schlieffen Plan, the Gospel of the German General Staff.

General Marx's ill-disguised criticism of Nazi principles in education, which we have translated from the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, has attracted much attention in the press outside Germany. This in turn has exasperated Nazi papers such as the *Schwarze Korps* and the *Völkischer Beobachter*. The General is as brave as he is

frank, but the wolves will get him if he doesn't watch out. [p. 384]

'TÊTE-À-TÊTES in Germany,' our second German article, records the impressions of a member of the staff of the Basel *National Zeitung* who was sent into Germany for the purpose of discovering what ordinary German citizens in various walks of life think about conditions. [p. 387]

DON LUIGI STURZO, the author of the article, 'Politics versus Morality,' was Secretary-General of the Italian 'Catholic Action' and founder of the Italian Popular Party in 1919. He now lives in exile in England. Among his books are *Italy and Fascism* and *The International Community and the Right of War*. [p. 392]

THOSE who live 'Under the Fasces' must do as Rome wishes, even though they belong to the same superior racial stock as Chancellor Hitler. In fact, the 250,000 former Austrians in the Southern Tyrol are more oppressed than any other German minority in Europe. Yet the Führer has never moved a finger to ease their fate. The methods that are employed by the Fascist régime to Italianize this racial group are described in 'Visit to Southern Tyrol.' [p. 399] Opponents of the Fascist régime must, of course, take their chances of punishment. One of them, Giacomo Costa, who was formerly a Socialist leader in Naples, recounts his imprisonment on the penal islands in 'Escape from Lampedusa.' [p. 401]

PAUL GERIN, a reporter on the Paris weekly, *Vendredi*, was assigned the task of discovering where, and how, Frenchmen send their capital abroad to avoid the heavy taxation. His article, 'Havens for Fugitive Capital,' throws considerable
(Continued on page 470)

THE LIVING AGE

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In 1844



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The World Over

READERS OF 'THE WORLD OVER' will recall that since the beginning of the Far Eastern strife we have held out little hope for China's success. We pointed out that her ability to resist had not grown commensurately with her fervent hatred of Japan, that Chiang Kai-shek was quite aware of the danger in this situation and that he was forced to abandon his policy of postponing a trial-at-arms by patriotic pressure and by the decision of the Japanese militarists to strike before China became any stronger.

Now that Nanking has fallen, the Japanese will probably overrun the Provinces between the great rivers and launch land and sea attacks on the rich port cities as far south as Canton. There seems nothing to stop them. The punitive objective originally announced by Tokyo was long ago superseded by dreams almost limitless in their ambition. We predict that the Army will insist upon a thorough conquest, now that it has sufficient forces on the mainland to accomplish that end.

Is all Asia fated to come under the God-Emperor of Nippon? Eighty-four-year-old General Sir Ian Hamilton, who accompanied the Japanese armies in the field during the Russo-Japanese War, may not have been wandering in his mind when he told a British audience recently:—

How monstrous it will seem to posterity that, throughout 1937, the European nations should have been quarrelling like dogs over a bone about Spain, which has not the least intention of allowing itself to be gnawed by any outsider.

The Emperor is marching from the Island of the Rising Sun. His fighters drink up the great rivers of China. The smoke of their bombs makes dark the air.

His road is clearly marked—Hankow, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bhamo, Burma, Assam, Bengal. That is the prospect if nothing is done. Nothing less than Europe united can definitely hold up that army.

In its sympathy with China, the world has not yet grasped the phenomenal efficiency of the Japanese military machine in the art of invasion. Liaison between the Navy, Army and Supply Departments has been excellent. Even allowing for the Chinese collapse after the Hangchow Bay landing, the Japanese Staff seems to have made no mistakes of consequence. Operations of a similar kind in the past have invariably been badly bungled: the American landing in Cuba, the British campaign in South Africa, the ill-fated Dardanelles and Mesopotamian expeditions and Sarrail's exasperating postponements of his push at Saloniki. This proficiency of the Japanese in conducting vast operations overseas without delay may well become a perpetual nightmare to the Philippine Commonwealth, to Australia and to the European Powers which have possessions in the Far East.

IT IS NOW well known that the British Government exercises an unofficial but quite effective censorship over the press. As long as this power is used only to protect what is indisputably the national interest, few Britons object. Recently, however, it has been employed to advance the schemes of the pro-German clique, which is well-represented in the Cabinet. Now this may, or may not, be in the national interest. Therefore, the editor of the Conservative, but anti-Nazi, *National Review* makes this complaint:—

We have in London the most voluminous newspapers printed in Europe, but these do not keep us informed of world events. It is true that earthquakes and riots are recorded. . . . A heavy censorship prevails in newspaper offices . . . we do not know half that is going on in the world. All our London Sunday papers, in the company of the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, are anxious to make concessions and 'gestures' to Germany and to yield her territory outside Europe. Germany has alternately whined and bullied until, partly from funk and partly from natural weakness, certain people are ready to 'hand over' to her whatever she may desire.

Our newspapers have not told us what Germany is doing to prepare the ground in Africa. We are kept in ignorance of her activities. For instance, we have never heard that Germany has sent an 'advance guard' of professors to decide upon which areas she will choose to take over in Africa and what she will do with them. The chief of these is Doctor Mai. He left Germany a year ago and is still examining and reporting on 'German' East Africa and 'German' Southwest Africa, while he has spent some time in the Union. Doctor Karl Dietzel, of the University of Leipzig, has been surveying the Cameroons. Finally, Doctor Karstedt, Counsellor to the German Government, has traveled all over the Union of South Africa as well as in East Africa. This information was in the *Sunday Times* of Johannesburg. It has not reached the British public because it would have quered the scheme of the intriguers who pushed Lord Halifax off to Berlin.

A CAUSTIC COMMENT on the 'do nothing' policy of the British Government appeared in a recent issue of the *Week*, the sometimes highly-informed and nearly always 'indiscreet' mimeographed information service published in London:—

The crudely-played but well-coördinated pressure politics of Berlin and Rome have been uniformly successful in advancing the menacing interests of those two Powers ever since the British Government took the position that it was dangerous to go too far with sanctions against Italy during the Ethiopian War because the Germans might take the opportunity to 'do something,' whereupon the Germans did take said opportunity and invaded the Rhineland, whereupon the British Government took the position that it was undesirable to do anything about that, because the Italians might take the opportunity to 'do something' in the Mediterranean, which they then did, etc., etc., etc.

GERMANY, ITALY, SOVIET RUSSIA and Japan have for several years kept such aliens as have been admitted to their territories under the closest supervision. The democracies, on the other hand, have been lax in regard to aliens ever since the spy fever of the World War was thrown off. They have given shelter to large numbers of refugees from the intolerant régimes; but they have also admitted a considerable number of undesirables. In France, for example, it is believed certain that the anti-Fascist journalists, Carlo and Nello Rosselli, were murdered by Fascist agents from Italy who would already have been exposed by the Sureté but for pressure from the French Foreign Office. Recent bombings and attempted bombings have been traced to Italian Fascist terrorists. The British press, which was aroused by the expulsion of German journalists for improper activities, has been even more disturbed by official German pretensions to control persons of German nationality who reside abroad.

There are now signs that Great Britain and France are preparing a drive on undesirable foreigners. The former will begin to take action this winter, and it is reported that more than 100,000 aliens will be forced to leave within the next two years. Naturalization will be made more difficult, as will be the rather common practice among aliens of avoiding registration and police supervision by leaving the country just before the termination of the visitors' period of three months and returning after a few days abroad. Special treatment, however, will be allowed aliens who face death or imprisonment for their political opinions should they be forced to return to their native lands.

France is confronted by a far greater problem than Britain because the number of her unnaturalized foreigners is estimated at nearly 2,500,000. There are indications that France will also take action. The press both of the Right and of the Left is beginning to clamor for a stricter

watch on immigrants and resident foreigners. Rightist papers have in mind, of course, Spanish Loyalist and radical 'undesirables'; the Leftist papers are concerned about Fascist aliens.

M. PAUL GERIN'S ARTICLE in this issue, 'Havens for Fugitive Capital,' deals not so much with 'hot money' as with the export of capital for long-term investment in such oases in the European tax desert as Switzerland, Luxemburg and Liechtenstein. So-called 'hot money' remains liquid, or comparatively so, wherever it is sent, so that it can be repatriated or employed in still another country in accordance with exchange and discount fluctuations and, of course, war fears. The United States is one of the favorite 'havens' for this kind of capital and vast amounts of French—the 'hottest' of all money—and other funds were sent over to take advantage of the now lamented bull market in Wall Street. Some of these speculators were badly burned by the recession before they could get out. Foreign capital is, of course, entering and leaving the United States constantly, and it is difficult to know exactly how much is here at any given time. But during the first half of 1937 a total of \$944,398,000 came in, almost double the amount for the same period in 1936. When this figure is broken up, we find that 283 millions came from Switzerland, 242 millions from Great Britain, 180 millions from South America, 127 millions from the Netherlands, 43 millions from France and 24 millions from Germany. Capital flowed out only to Italy and Canada. Much of the funds represented by the Swiss, British and Dutch figures, however, is believed to have been French. Between January, 1935, and July, 1937, the total of foreign capital entering the United States amounted to \$3,551,000,000.

By no means all these huge sums were 'hot money,' but vast amounts were, and their rapid movement, based often on political rumor, continues to be one of the most unsettling factors in international finance and trade.

GERMANY AND ITALY will not go 'bankrupt,' no matter how serious their difficulties may be; the German and Italian workers will not rise in protest against their masters, no matter how low their wages may be or how hard it becomes to get sufficient food. The reason for this is not always realized, according to Douglas Jay, financial expert of the London *Daily Herald*:—

Under the Hitler and Mussolini tyrannies there are no trade unions, and all unemployment pay and savings agencies are in the hands of the Government. In these conditions no man can strike against the Government without facing the certain prospect of starvation *within a few days* for both himself and his wife and children.

That is the fundamental reality of a Fascist régime, standing behind a façade of paper propaganda. Add to it the continual threat of spying and terrorism, and you will understand why workers in Germany and Italy are slow to strike, and why a Fascist State can hardly go 'bankrupt' until its people are literally starving.

THE RECENT FUNERAL of a 12-year-old boy in Leipzig attracted unusual attention, because it was attended not only by the entire local Hitler Youth, but also by an unusually large number of other persons. Most of these attended because of a rather conspicuous death notice inserted by the grieved parents in the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*. The facts, according to the Mulhausen *Freiheit-Korrespondenz*:

Some time ago the Leipzig Hitler Youth held one of their regular 'evening parades,' so designated to reassure parents. They are really semi-military drills. Boys from 12 years up participate. Among the children on this occasion were the two young sons of an official of the German Supreme Court. The Group was under the charge of a 17-year-old leader. During a rest period the children were lying in tents. One of the two brothers went outside and was seen by the 'leader' who shouted: 'Stop. . . Who goes there? The password!' The boy thought it a joke and did not stop. Thereupon the leader drew a revolver and fired, striking the boy in the head.

Camp was struck in great haste and the children were led away. No attention was paid to the injured boy, who was attended only by his brother and soon bled to death. The news quickly reached the police in Grimma, near which the drills were held; they pursued the column and examined all the boys. Apart from the prescribed daggers they found ten loaded revolvers. The 17-year-old murderer declared in his defense that he thought a spy had gotten into camp and for that reason he had fired. The father of the victim, an old Nazi, ventured in his bereavement to give the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* a death notice in which he reported that the boy 'had met with an accident at a nightly Hitler Youth exercise.' He also preferred charges against the murderer for 'unlawful possession of a weapon.' He did not dare to charge him with murder.

The father was summoned before the Party Court of the District of Leipzig, which declared that by his notice in the press he had endangered not only the reputation of the Hitler Youth but also that of the National Socialist State. 'In consideration of his long membership in the Party,' he was merely reprimanded, but he was forced to withdraw his charges against the Hitler Youth leader.

FREEMASONRY, one of the lesser 'Internationals,' has been driven entirely underground in many countries abroad in recent years. In

addition to its traditional enemies, dictators and the Roman Catholic Church, with which it contended according to gentlemanly rules, it has encountered new and implacable ones—Communists, Fascists, Nazis and Falangists. To all of these Freemasonry is particularly obnoxious. Even in democratic Switzerland, the Order has just weathered a storm that threatened to destroy it. Switzerland, of course, is the country which makes the most frequent use of the referendum, for every issue that is considered to be of national importance goes before the people. Last June the Swiss voted to proclaim the Communist Party illegal, but the fear of 'subversive' movements remained strong in conservative circles. Somehow the Freemasons, who had voted with the majority against the Communists, became the object of this fear, and an amendment to the Constitution was proposed for the purpose of suppressing Masonic lodges, Oddfellows and 'similar organizations.' Late in November the Swiss people defeated the proposed amendment by a vote of more than two to one. In only one of the twenty-five Cantons, strongly Catholic Friburg, was it approved. It can hardly be said that Freemasonry is 'marching on,' for its principles are utterly incompatible with those of the totalitarian States, and from them it has virtually disappeared, but it may feel justly proud of this victory. And the Swiss have given evidence that they are not quite as hysterical about radicalism as they seemed to be a few months ago.

ALTHOUGH THE MID-SUMMER FURY of the purge in Russia has abated, the Soviet authorities continue to warn private citizens to be ever vigilant lest they inadvertently betray State secrets to the ubiquitous foreign spy in their midst. The seriousness of these fears was patent in an editorial which *Pravda* has addressed to the editors of all the newspapers in the Soviet Union. It warned that a seemingly innocent report might prove to be of great value to a spy or saboteur, disclosing to him the location of a military plant, or the nature of its activity. *Pravda* cites, as a bad example, one newspaper's account of a cross-country run from a city to a Red Army camp nearby, in which the distance was actually given. This, of course, betrayed a military secret. Other papers print accounts about munitions factories in which they give detailed descriptions of the machines produced. *Pravda* gives as an example of true Bolshevik vigilance the case of a certain reporter who refused to print a technical article which would have been of innocent interest to most of his readers but which might also have given valuable information to certain undesirable ones.

Since the greater part of Soviet newspapers is devoted to precisely such technical information, its conscientious restriction upon the demand of the authorities would prove rather embarrassing to the editors.

If there is to be complete safety, according to this exaggerated view of what constitute military secrets, the entire character of the Soviet press will have to be altered.

NEW ZEALAND, whose population is only a little greater than that of Florida, will spend £17,360,000 during the coming year on public works. The entire amount will be obtained from revenue and the proceeds of government investments, so that borrowing will be unnecessary. The Dominion is, in fact, enjoying a phenomenal period of prosperity that is due as much to her vigorous Labor Government as to the good prices she receives for her products in foreign markets. For the year just past the budget showed a surplus of £472,000, after the full charges on the debt had been met, while the overseas debt was reduced by £2,675,700. Yet the Labor Government's policy of guaranteeing the price of primary exports, which has thus far been applied only to butter, may become a source of embarrassment if the world price should fall below the guaranteed level.

JAPAN'S ENTERPRISING FISHERMEN are not always scrupulous in respecting territorial rights, and the Gaimusho is constantly engaged in minor disputes with the aggrieved nations. It is only during the past two years, however, that Japanese fishing activities have become a serious concern of the State Department. Japanese floating canneries have been operating off the Alaskan coast; legally, we must add, because they remain outside the three-mile limit. Yet, by means of this pelagic fishing, as it is called, they take vast numbers of young salmon before they reach the breeding age. This method of fishing is forbidden to citizens of the United States and Canada.

Alaskan fishing interests are thoroughly alarmed by this threat to the salmon stock, for fishing is the Territory's most important industry, with an investment of \$70,000,000 and an annual production valued at more than \$30,000,000. Unless the Japanese activities are restricted, the industry will be ruined within a few more seasons.

Unofficial protests to the Japanese Government late in 1936 were fruitless, and the State Department will soon make a plea to Tokyo to be guided by neighborhood ethics in Alaskan waters, that is, by the precedent of the existing agreement with Canada to protect the salmon stock. A strong line cannot be taken because the Japanese ships operate outside territorial waters and do not infringe international law. It remains to be seen whether Japan will cling to her rights under the letter of the law, regardless of the damage their exercise will inflict upon American, and eventually her own, interests.

An old German General dares to challenge a most sacred Nazi dogma; and a Swiss journalist investigates the state of opinion in Hitler's Reich.

The German Scene

I. AN OLD SOLDIER'S WARNING

By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GEORG H. W. MARX

Translated from the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, Semi-Official Organ of the Reich War Office

[Lieutenant-General Marx, now retired, warns Germany against under-estimating the difficulties of a future war. He asserts that hunger will again be the most dangerous enemy. The General summarily rejects the 'stab-in-the-back' myth, so cherished by the Nationalists and Nazis, and is convinced that in 1918 the German Army and people were conquered not by defeatist propaganda but by hunger. THE EDITORS.]

WHAT was the underlying reason for the failure of our attacks in 1918? It was that our starved troops simply could not be pushed beyond captured supply bases. My own War diaries graphically describe this handicap on the occasion of the British rout before Albert. Our batteries went into position; the British fell back in disorder upon Amiens; everyone waited for our own infantry to emerge from

Albert to take up the pursuit. It never emerged. Meanwhile fresh enemy artillery was moved up and our further advance was rendered impossible. A recent English description describes a similar situation at Armentières—how at the height of the defenders' rout the German troops suddenly stopped pursuit; and how, all through the night, sounds were heard from the well supplied town where the Germans had hung back.

It is very important, I believe, to emphasize these disagreeable but unavoidable facts. Time and again we are told that the decisive influence was not undernourishment of the troops but 'lack of propaganda,' 'lack of morale,' and the like. Recently General von Metzsch declared: 'The assertion that we lost in 1918 because we lacked bacon is a defection from Clausewitz. Victories are not won by

supplies, as demonstrated by the barren Allied victory of 1918.'

Well, Clausewitz, after all, maintained that the ultimate aim of war was to disarm the enemy, and it can hardly be maintained that the enemy's victory in 1918 was barren. The British Empire was enlarged by one-eighth, and the mineral regions around Metz-Diedenhofen, the potash deposits in Alsace, the coal regions north of St. Avold, as well as Syria and the Cameroons were considerable rewards for France. Clausewitz never reckoned with the question of hunger—thus we can hardly say that it does not matter since Clausewitz does not mention it. As a matter of fact, we have not really been able to disregard it since 1864, when the excellent army of the Confederacy collapsed precisely as did our army in 1918.

Until the fall of 1916 I led my own battery. There was no officers' mess, so I ate with my men. I observed conditions very carefully and am able to state that until 1915 the concept of duty remained as of old. But from then on, under the influence of steadily increasing hunger, the joyful willingness was slowly but surely lost. It was then that the 'martyrdom' began, not as result of the heavy fighting at Verdun and on the Somme, but above all because of hunger. It is significant that many of my men were glad to get to Verdun because they had heard that they would get full battle rations there. I was not greatly surprised, for I had had a similar experience before. On the Argonne front my men had a clever cook who prepared our food on the stove; out of my own means I bought whatever was available—but that began to be very little in the fall of 1915. At the supply base this system

was not possible. There we had to cook with field kitchens. And it was remarkable how eager the men were to move from the supply base, situated in idyllic calm that was seldom disturbed even by long-range fire, to the front. The reason was clear: danger with good food was better than safety with hunger. I know that the men of my regiment, after the failure of the 1918 offensive, insisted: 'We must continue attacking, to get some food in our stomachs.'

II

I want to give another example of how hunger distorts all concepts and attitudes even in educated men. About a year after the end of the War one of my young officers suddenly died. He was one of the best we had. He had volunteered while still in college and had gone through everything with a splendid record. He left a detailed diary which had been shown to no one and was to be bequeathed to his mother, to whom he had meant everything. Now in so intimate a diary, a young man between 18 and 22 is likely to record much that is hardly suitable for the eye of his mother. There might have been things to cloud her memory of her son. I received the confidential duty of examining the diary, and permission to destroy it without showing it to anybody if that seemed wise. But I was able to report that there was not a single word a mother might not have read. The boy had come out of the War as clean as he had gone into it. But I was deeply moved to learn how completely 'vegetatively' this young soldier had lived toward the end. Again and again there were detailed descriptions involving a sandwich 'with genuine butter,' etc.

This had happened to a man of excellent general education who had been a pure idealist. I felt no indignation because I had experienced similar leanings myself after having shared the men's food for two years. Those who have not themselves had this experience incline to under-estimate these factors. They cannot understand and therefore forgive this change. In my opinion there is great danger that we shall continue to under-estimate these dangers in the future, by passing over them lightly, by insisting again and again that it was not hunger that conquered us, but the lack of the right words, the absence of propaganda.

Let me add this: If once again we are forced into a great war under similar circumstances—in which the enemy expends six times as much in munitions as we, in which he has twice as many reserves, in which his troops are amply supplied and fed, while our own food will in the end consist mostly of a little damp bread, turnips and dried vegetables; if under such circumstances our youth not only stands its ground but actually achieves a victory even though in the fourth year an additional Great Power with additional fresh soldiers joins the enemy—then, and only then, will I agree that in 1918 we failed for lack of spirit, not for lack of food! Needless to say, I think it is entirely possible that we will achieve this. We can desire it, we can believe it—but we cannot very well *know* it! And as long as we do not know it we ought, in my opinion, to be a little more careful. We should not repeat over and over again that under a different leadership, with a different propaganda, we might not only have stood our ground but even have won—

despite the Americans, despite the Bulgarian breakdown in August, and despite the Austrian collapse.

One thing further; the youth of to-day is convinced it could have 'put things over' in 1918. It is bound to have this conviction, since it is told so often that only the lack of spirit, only enemy propaganda caused the front to collapse in 1918. Recently, for example, a General Staff officer asserted in a magazine article that one of the decisive factors working to our disadvantage was the internationalist orientation of our pre-War secondary schools, where Achilles was more important than Siegfried, and philosophy more highly esteemed than history. The confidence of youth today is spurred by its conviction that it suffers from no such lack of spirit as that which afflicted the warriors of 1914-18.

In my own youth we thought quite differently. All of us had inner doubts as to whether we were capable of repeating the performance of the generation of 1870-71. Well, which is better? Surely our intellectual modesty did not weaken us. I believe that whatever we may have done, over and above the duties required of us, was due in large part to our efforts to equal the great example set for us by the generation of 1870. Is there not danger in the fact that youth today regards matters as too easy?

And still another thing: the value of every army rests in the end in what we call authority. Our superior officers were helped in maintaining this authority because we saw in them the heroes of 1870. Officers today have no such help now that our youth is constantly told that the generation of 1914-18 (to which all Germans over

forty belong) was fundamentally stupid—that the War might easily have been won but for the woeful lack of spirit, enemy propaganda and so forth, which caused the breakdown of the Fatherland. Would it not be better to tell the youth of today that the generation of 1914–18 performed the mightiest deeds ever done in war on earth, and that our collapse was ulti-

mately made inevitable by hunger, over-exertion and exhaustion? Whom does one obey more joyfully: a generation which in sheep-like stupidity, because of enemy propaganda, lack of spirit, etc., was brought to the point of laying down its arms—or a generation which failed to perform an impossible task, just as Siegfried's kin once failed in the burning castle of the Huns?

II. TÊTE-À-TÊTES IN GERMANY

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

[The author of the following article, a staff writer on the National-Zeitung, was sent to study the undercurrents of opinion in the Reich and to clear up the contradictory reports that had been received. THE EDITORS]

IN MANY branches of German industry and commerce earnings are high and money is freely spent. All that is lacking is confidence in the future. The atmosphere is like that during the War or the inflation period. Business men with whom I spoke seem to have learned little politically or socially. They still want to have nothing to do with trade unions, or, for that matter, with 'democracy' or with freedom of the press. The fact that wage increases have been stopped and that it is no longer necessary to conduct endless negotiations with union leaders is regarded as an undeniable blessing.

On the other hand, they deeply resent the merciless tax collections and the extortion of 'voluntary' contributions by the National Socialist Party or its subsidiaries. Tax returns

are made out far more conscientiously now than they were under the Weimar Republic or the Empire because of the severity of the penalties for false reports. One well-known firm, despite its important Party connections and large Government contracts, will have to pay off 4 million marks in tax penalties in the next four years. This means that 90 per cent of the firm's profits will have to be paid to the State during this period.

Another firm received a visit from an official of the Winter Aid, who said to the manager: 'Last year you paid 15,000 marks to the Winter Aid. This year we have put you down for 20,000 marks.' The manager stated that business had not been as good as in the previous year but that he was willing to pay the same amount as before. He was curtly interrupted by the Nazi official, who said: 'You refuse to pay 20,000 marks? All right then, you will have to pay 25,000.' And the 25,000 marks were actually paid.

An industrialist told me that he made occasional trips abroad merely to write confidential letters which he

did not want to send through the German mail. The answers were held for him abroad until he had a chance to call for them. Many other persons complained to me that even the domestic mail was often opened.

II

An intelligent German observer had much to say about the confusing behavior of Party officials and Government agencies. One afternoon, for example, the estate of a socially prominent family was raided for subversive literature. The lady was at home at the time, while her husband was playing golf with the local Nazi Chief of Police. The Nazis who conducted the search refused her permission to call the Chief over the telephone. Nor were they moved by the fact that she was preparing to entertain a high Nazi official, who was coming to the city to address a banquet. Just as the searching party was leaving, two Special Guards brought in the luggage of the expected Nazi official. At the banquet that evening, this lady, who had just been accused as an 'enemy of the State,' was seated between the District Prosecutor and the local Reichsbank President. Next day the Chief of Police, who had known nothing about the raid, apologized to the lady and sent her a bouquet of roses.

The fear of spies is widespread. Even reliable Nazis are afraid of their servants, and look outside the doors before they talk confidentially. The Consul-General of a large country in a German capital took me into his private office and advised: 'Don't sit near the radiator or the fireplace, but in the center of the room. One never knows where microphones have been

installed. In the center of the room the danger is reduced if you speak under your breath.'

A formerly well-known Nationalist writer boasted to me fifteen years ago that he had introduced the swastika into German literature. Today he deplores the results and is deeply pessimistic about the future. Another writer, well known abroad, complained about the increasing severe censorship. Editors were so fearful and cautious that he hardly knew what to write for them. Some writers, however, have profited by the Nazi Revolution. One of these is Max Barthel, the former Communist and proletarian poet, who earns big money and lives lavishly.

A university professor, who was outwardly 'coördinated' but secretly a religious man and a liberal, found the language of the Nazi district leaders and local Party officials at scientific conventions the crowning offense. Some of these gentlemen were not even familiar with the most elementary rules of German grammar; yet they dared to speak about culture in the presence of visiting foreign scholars. And every such speech ended thus: 'And to whom do we owe all this? To our glorious Führer, Adolf Hitler.' He considered it even worse than the servility shown the Kaiser thirty years ago when they shouted: 'Our August Emperor, the first artist and scientist of the Reich! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' This confidant told me that many ambitious professors had made this adulation of Hitler a part of their courses, hailing him as scientist and artist, as moral philosopher, as creator of laws and founder of the State. But it became increasingly apparent that students were

beginning to be repelled by this sycophancy.

I was shocked when I visited a former liberal judge and staunch pacifist to observe the change that had come over him. In an attempt to justify his complete surrender to himself and to others, he had rationalized the successes of the Third Reich, and even pronounced the 'new German law' as a 'great advance.' It was embarrassing to hear him tear to pieces his old friend Ossietzky and others.

The impression I received from a conversation with a woman philosopher who had enjoyed all the privileges accorded to women of the Weimar Republic was not much better. Now she is 'Germanic' and race-conscious. But her hair is still pitch black and her Latin-looking eyes blazed just as they did when she used to attack National Socialism.

III

The average tourist rarely has occasion to speak to workers. If he meets any at all, he finds them extremely suspicious of strangers. Here I was fortunate, because I had introductions to a number of workers in Western Germany. All of them agreed that the trade-union spirit had broken down completely, and that there was no possibility of organized resistance—at least in the immediate future.

I do not know whether the statement made by a Rhenish worker that National Socialists number no more than 2 per cent in the factories is correct, but it seems that National Socialism has not penetrated very deeply among the rank and file in industry. Over a glass of wine in a Cologne tavern, workers, who are still proud of

their former trade unions, told me that it had become possible to speak the truth about the régime when in one's cups without being denounced by Nazi workers. The latter had learned that the rest of the workers could make life in the plant very unpleasant for anyone who betrayed the casual criticism.

I found many luminaries of the Weimar Republic living in very straitened circumstances. They had become peddlers, salesmen, agents, small employers and craftsmen. There are, however, exceptions. Herr Noske, former Deputy in the Reichstag and Minister of Defense after the War, lives on his ample pension at Frankfurt-am-Main. Herr Severing, formerly Minister of the Interior, lives on his pension in Berlin, a prematurely aged, tired man.

I was surprised to learn that a few Jewish officials of the Republic have not been deprived of their pensions; but they are special cases. Some former officials of the Center have successfully sued the present Government for their pensions and are comfortably situated. A former Minister, Hirtsiefer, who was in a concentration camp for some time, has long since forgotten all that in the enjoyment of his Ministerial pension.

The fate of the former leaders varies. Some are starving at home or at least have serious financial worries. Others live in comfort, the recipients of pensions from the Third Reich, the coming of which they once opposed so ardently. Occasionally a Nazi points out these cases to a stranger as proof that nobody with a clear conscience had to leave Germany, but he refrains from mentioning those others who are admitted to foreign hospitals beaten

almost to death. I found that hardly anything is known in the Reich about the fate of the émigrés, their political plans, trends and factions.

Some of the exchange students with whom I spoke had returned just as convinced of the superiority of National Socialism as they had been before spending their terms in England and America. Others had been profoundly disturbed, and I learned that some had dared to stay abroad even at the risk of being denounced as renegades. I was told that many return only because they are afraid that revenge might be taken on their sisters, brothers and parents. Resentment among the young people is strong because of two-and-a-half years of labor and army service which confronts them after graduation from the university. They object not so much to the service itself as to its length. A vast number of parents and students feel that some arrangement should be made to enable qualified individuals to shorten their service—on the basis of merit and not by discrimination.

Thomas Mann's famous reply to the Dean of the University of Bonn is widely known. Nearly every student seems to have read it. Not only is it almost the only 'illegal' pamphlet which has found mass distribution, but the deep impression it created is due to the fact that it avoids partisan argument and contends for timeless ideals. Perhaps Mann's letter was the first document in years to revive the feeling for super-national human interest in many intellectuals. For German youth no longer knows anything of the free political life of other days. Conceptions like 'democracy,' 'fundamental rights,' 'dictatorship' are quite obscure to these young peo-

ple. But there is developing among them a vague sense of distrust on account of individual experiences under the new régime.

Whether there are many young people who reject National Socialist ideology as a matter of principle must remain more than doubtful. Neither the Empire nor the Weimar Republic and its representatives mean anything to this youth, which now seeks new ideals. What these ideals are they do not know, and it appears that there is no political movement either inside or outside of Germany which is intellectually and emotionally strong enough to attract the support of this section of German youth.

IV

Catholic priests with whom I talked expressed themselves with much confidence in regard to the future of their Church. Incidentally, even non-Catholics referred to the Papal Encyclical, *With Burning Anxiety*, and to the speeches of Cardinal Faulhaber, which were widely circulated among non-Catholics, as the strongest opposition documents they had seen except Thomas Mann's letter. I was told that there is enthusiastic participation in religious processions and pilgrimages. Occasionally the Communists attempted to smuggle leaflets into the ranks. Naturally the pastors and priests try to prevent this. The leaflets are collected and destroyed, and sometimes even turned over to the police as prescribed by law. Whenever National Socialists attempt to circulate their own propaganda leaflets at such processions, clashes are inevitable—so great is the animosity between the marchers and the Nazis.

Catholics whisper about the immense amount of material against the Third Reich which the Vatican has collected and which is believed to impress even the Nazi leaders. This forms the basis of rumors that Chancellor Hitler will come to an agreement with the Vatican to forestall publication of the threatened Papal *White Book*.

Many Nazi Protestants have been embarrassed to learn that the Confessional Church in one of its proclamations referred to the Government as 'endowed by the grace of God.' The Catholic bishops, although they also mention the Führer, have never designated him in this manner.

I spoke to many former fellow students and their friends. Their respect for Hitler seemed to me undiminished and admiration for his rearmament policy and his tearing up of the Versailles Treaty was quite universal. The lesser lights in the Nazi constellation did not share this respect. The same sort of fun that was formerly poked at the big nobs of the Weimar Republic is now applied to the little Hitlers, and even more so to their respective ladies.

Enthusiasm for the intervention in Spain is lacking in the Army. The Germans who have gone to Spain have belonged almost entirely to the technical arms; many of them have been aviators. The German Army has no tradition of fighting for other nations. So the transport of the troops is handled with the greatest secrecy. The following case is authentic. A German steamer was recalled from abroad and some 400 German aviators were hustled aboard. Every one of the young men believed he was leaving for maneuvers. They were not told

until two days later that Spain was their destination. Before leaving, all of them had written home that they were participating in maneuvers.

My inquiries about the monarchist movement revealed that it has no backing among the Army officers. Most of the old guard, who might be expected to support a return of the monarchy, have become Brown Shirts. I asked about the prospects of General Rupprecht von Bayern. I received the answer: 'An old, moderately talented man, but a Catholic. And a Roman dynasty is out of the question for the Reich.'

It is the opinion of these officers that the monarchy will not be restored after Hitler. They assert that today he alone is the unifying element in the Reich. Should he suddenly disappear from the scene, and should no powerful central authority replace him immediately, then the Reich would fall apart. There would be Catholic, Protestant, Socialist, Communist or National Socialist fragments according to majority sentiment or the energy of the local leaders. Nobody desires such a turn of events. Therefore, one should have to wait and let the question of Hitler's successor mature. Nobody knew anything about the political views of the Reichswehr generals. Some thought they had no views.

And what about war? I found that nowhere is there less talk of war than in German officers' quarters. 'We don't want war and don't believe in war. If war should come, we would naturally do our duty.'

'And the people?'

'The people will be mobilized, and that will work out as it always has worked out. Whatever else will happen is not our concern.'

This struggle is surveyed by one who managed to be a moralist-politician.

Politics *versus* Morality

By LUIGI STURZO

From the *Hibbert Journal*
London Quarterly of Philosophy and Theology

WHY is it usual to speak of *moral-ity* and *politics* as if they were two enemies, or like two individuals who can never come to an understanding? And why is *politics* held in such small consideration that the very word is often made to imply dishonesty?

Here we take the word politics in its best sense: a sharing in the government of a country for the *common good*. As such the aim of politics is the advantage of the State considered as common good, and it falls within the order of morality, for to seek the common good, with appropriate means, is certainly a moral aim.

In a free country such as England, all may engage in politics, and many do so in various ways. I am not referring only to members of the Cabinet, of Parliament, of county or borough councils, but also to the journalists, members of political parties, electors, members of unions or leagues with general or specific aims of militant politics, such as the League of Nations Union or the Proportional

Representation Society. From these parties and associations, papers and assemblies, comes forth a political mind that expresses the political custom of the nation, which is translated into public opinion on the one hand and into the government or executive authority on the other.

These two forces, government and public opinion, may be in agreement on an ethico-political issue, as over the proposed marriage of King Edward VIII with Mrs. Simpson; in such a case the outcome is a political act imbued with the prevailing moral feeling of the country. Or there may be discordance, in which case either political interests prevail over morality, as exemplified by the raising of sanctions against Italy or the *de facto* recognition of the Italo-Ethiopian Empire, or else morality prevails over politics, as in the case of the repudiation of the Hoare-Laval plan.

As it is more usual, or seems to be more usual, for political interests to override morality, these two deities of

collective life are presented as almost irreconcilable adversaries. Morality in politics is called *idealism*. Politics without concern for morality is known as *Realpolitik*, a term coined in Germany in Bismarck's time. But we need not think that *Realpolitik* had no earlier existence; it is what was once known as 'Reason of State,' an expression invented by Renaissance Italy and linked up with Machiavelli's theory of 'effectual truth.' But whether it took the form of Machiavelli's 'effectual truth' (that is, truth confirmed by success) as 'politics of results,' or of *Realpolitik*, it is always the same conception of politics dissociated from morality, pure politics.

What should be noted is that Machiavelli's politics, personified in Cæsar Borgia, and the politics of the Reason of State, which culminated in Louis XIV, and the *Realpolitik* acclaimed by Bismarck are all the politics of absolutism, of power without limits. Just as absolute power finds no check in the inner kingdom of conscience, for it conceives of politics as pure and without admixture of other elements, so in the outer world it is unchecked by parliaments, public opinion, the press, or the Churches, for it sums up in the executive authority all powers and all rights.

When Bethmann-Hollweg in 1914 referred to the Treaty guaranteeing the integrity and neutrality of Belgium as a 'scrap of paper,' he gave graphic expression to the implications of *Realpolitik*. Treaties are to be kept when they are useful, to be broken when they are inconvenient. From this standpoint the respect of treaties is not a moral action and their breach is not an immoral one, for politics take no account of such disturbing cate-

gories; either observance or violation may be useful, and pure politics asks no more.

II

The specific aim of politics, say the philosophers, is the common advantage or utility; the schoolmen of the middle ages used a more pregnant formula: *bonum commune*, the common good. The whole problem lies in how, in politics, the common good is to be conceived. The absolute monarchies of the *ancien régime* assuredly sought the good of the State and tried to attain it, but this good they saw through the spectacles of the interests of their royal house; the rights and dignity and glory of the monarch were the primary objects and by these the common good was measured. Hence, general advantage had to coincide with particular advantage. Where the two conflicted, ninety-nine times out of a hundred the advantage of the reigning house gained the upper hand over that of the nation; unless there were either parliaments, as in England, or a powerful upper clergy and aristocracy, or rebellious masses who put forward their own advantage and often caused it to prevail over that of the monarchs.

The idea of advantage, of utility, is thus at the basis of politics, and indisputably constitutes its specific and predominant aim. This conception of utility may little by little become a moral conception when, from the advantage of an individual, be he monarch or dictator, it is widened to become the advantage of the many; or from the advantage of a single caste (nobility, clergy, army, or capitalism), it becomes the advantage of the various classes; or from the

advantage of a city or district it becomes the advantage of the various regions making up the nation. In short, the more the advantage sought is general, the more does politics assume the character of morality, that is, the more does it fulfill its true aim.

The basic reason for this transmutation of politics into morals lies in the fact that while a particular advantage violates the right of many, a general advantage violates the right of few. Can an employer be said to have the right to make his employees work twelve or sixteen hours a day? Assuredly not. Here is exploitation, not a right.

It is the same in politics. When a class exploits a position of political privilege for its own advantage, it commits a gravely immoral act; as, for instance, in France under the *ancien régime* when a crushing taxation of the peasants served the king to pay innumerable pensions to the courtiers and courtesans who thronged the antechambers of Versailles, or when a king by a simple *lettre de cachet* could imprison without trial anyone who caused inconvenience to him or his favorites.

What may be said of the monarchs of the *ancien régime* or of the modern dictators can be equally said of revolutionary committees, ancient and modern. It is too easily said that, after all, revolutions are revolutions and cannot be bound by the moral laws of humanity. The same is said of war: war is war, and allows no room for moral laws. And the same plea is little by little extended to cover every case in which the observance of moral laws is inconvenient, in the interests of king or dictator, of a caste or a class,

whether an aristocracy or the people, the *bourgeoisie* or the proletariat.

The more general the advantage sought, the greater the morality of politics; the more particular the advantage, the greater the immorality of politics. Since everything in this world is relative, the point is reached at which policy to the advantage of a State becomes particular advantage in respect of the various States of a continent, or of the world.

III

The Law of Nations is as old as civilization. A breach of it was considered even by pagan antiquity as an act of immorality which the gods would punish. It is in the Roman period that we find the ritual phrase '*pacta sunt servanda*'—'treaties must be kept.' A breach of faith between peoples was held to be an act of irreligion.

Modern international law originated with the formation of the independent States, when the Papacy and the Empire ceased to be centers of unification for the West. Vitoria and Alberico Gentili first, then Suarez and Grotius, were the founders of modern international law. Only on a basis of such law could the independent States regulate their relations.

An international law cannot be built up in a day; moral education is not a matter of a few months. In the course of the centuries that law has come to maturity, with the moral training we call civilization. And therefore, even when governments do not observe international law and fail to respect its moral value, the public conscience is aware of their error and is perturbed.

Thus, when war broke out in 1914, all saw the disproportion between the responsibilities of the Serbian Government for the Sarajevo crime and the war declared against Serbia by Austria-Hungary; between the responsibility incurred by Russia's mobilization and that of Germany in attacking France and violating the neutrality of Belgium which she herself had guaranteed.

When the war ended it was believed that the fault lay in the lack of a legal and moral organ which would be inspired by the idea of a common good identical for all States, that is, for mankind. The League of Nations thus assumed an aspect at once political, moral, social and juridical. It was a synthesis of various distinct organs, but forming a unity. The political sphere was that of the Council and Assembly of the League and, since its chief aim was peace and the observance of the Covenant with respect of the rights of all and of the general interest, such politics would be essentially moral. The League of Nations was the hope of an international future in a union of politics and morality.

Why was this union shattered?

The chief cause is best defined in the phrase made famous by the promoters of the *Action Française*: '*Politique d'abord!*' ('Politics first!') Political interests took precedence of everything, even of morals. Unhappily this heresy was a guiding principle even for the statesmen who met together first in Paris to draw up the peace treaties, then at Geneva for their application. Let us be clear: they had to frame a political policy for, in the domain of politics, they had to defend the interests of the victorious States. But here should have

been no case of 'politics first.' For them there was also a categorical imperative: that of justice and morality. Every time men fall short of justice in human relations, whether between individuals or between States, they pay the penalty. It is the Nemesis that pursues a State that will oppress another and refuse it justice. Germany and Austria-Hungary paid the price of the war they began without a proportionate reason; but the Allies too have had to pay the price of the injustice of the peace treaties.

Those who at Geneva thought they could play with the moral law and the Covenant of the League and follow an equivocal policy every time there was a chance to choose between the two today feel the full consequences of their immorality.

Why has Geneva allowed the causes of fresh wars to grow up that might lead to a still greater catastrophe? Certainly no one thinks that the statesmen concerned did so with their eyes open, aware that they were doing what would bring us where we are today. But they failed in their moral duty. Ignorance and incompetence may lessen their responsibility, but the forgetting and shelving of moral values such as the respect for treaties, the protection of the weak, the duty of rendering justice and of withstanding arrogant aggression are moral faults of which the responsibility cannot be wiped out, and which, when the moment comes, must be paid for.

IV

Orthodox Marxism maintains that all moral, cultural and religious values of society are only reflections of economic determinism, by-products of

the material conditions of life. Historical materialism leads to the absurd, for neither would the rich be responsible for their immorality (when they are immoral) nor the poor for their morality (when they are moral), or *vice versa*, for both would be determined in their morality or immorality by the conditions and economic environment of their actions.

Thus we should absolve the France of Laval, which gave Mussolini a free hand in Ethiopia. And we should absolve the England, which from January to September, 1935, dragged out discussion of the appeal of the Negus to the League, put a ban on the export of armaments which resolved itself into the disarmament of Ethiopia at a time when Italy was pouring troops and armaments into Eritrea and Somaliland, and negotiated with Italy for a cession of Ethiopian territory, without reference to Ethiopia herself, on the basis of a tripartite agreement irreconcilable with the Covenant of the League pledging the defense of the territorial integrity of member States. All these were acts devoid of the most elementary equity or morality.

If the premise of historical determinism held good, we should concern ourselves only with the clash of material forces rising out of the class war and manifested either in civilized fashion or, in ultimate resource, in civil or international war. According to such a theory, Mussolini, Hitler and Franco would be right.

Consider Spain. Morality or politics? Historical materialism or a war of ideals?

All must condemn the horrors of the civil war. On both sides massacres and innocent victims. Franco's friends

protest against the burning of churches, the murder of priests, monks and nuns in their thousands. Ten thousand religious are said to have been slain. Were all guilty? All responsible for high treason? Had all turned their churches and convents into fortresses? And where are the proofs? When were they tried and sentenced? People speak of fanatical mobs, of a government without adequate police force or organized armies. We admit the extenuating circumstances, but the responsibility remains. No one will say that here were moral acts—or even politic acts.

On the other side, the friends of the Government of Spain put forward other priests and monks shot or thrown into prison by the Insurgents (in fewer numbers, indeed, for the majority of the priests and nuns are on the side of the rebel generals), the massacres of Badajoz, the implacable repression of 'Red' villages in which all the men capable of bearing arms have been shot for fear lest they should revolt once the victorious armies had moved on, and the bombardment of Madrid, Durango, Guernica, killing women and children without pity. No one can say that these are moral acts, done in the service of the Catholic religion.

Those who admit class war, by any means, approved the revolt of Catalonia and the Asturias in October, 1934, because it was promoted by the Socialist 'Left' and supported by the proletariat against the radical-clerical Government which represented reaction and the big landowners. But these same men disapproved of the revolt of the generals in July, 1936, because it was against the legitimate Government. They must make up their minds.

If revolt against a legitimate government is not lawful because it is immoral, that of 1934 was no less so than that of 1936; but if they hold the former lawful and praiseworthy, they have no right to blame the latter in the name of morality or legitimate government. From the political standpoint, the men of the Right disapproved of the revolt of 1934 and approved of that of 1936; the men of the Left approved of that of 1934 and disapproved of that of 1936. The same may be said of those who present the war in Spain as a war of ideologies: of Fascism *versus* Communism. We are here in the field of politics, not of morality.

The idea that a choice must be made between Fascism and Communism is gaining ground in Europe, and strikes the fancy of many who do not reflect on the content of names and who are dominated by impulse and over-simplified notions. For such there are no intermediate zones in political ideologies. The struggle, it is said, is between these two ideologies; the Spanish war is a sample of the war of the future.

We refuse to simplify human ideals, even in the economic and political field, so as to create two myths, the Fascist myth and the Communist myth. While we do not accept the Marxist thesis of a class war, bourgeoisie against proletariat, neither do we accept the alternative thesis, Fascism against Communism. Both lead to civil war, whether through the elimination of all other classes (as in Russia), or through the elimination of all other parties (as in Germany and Italy), or through the armed destruction of the opposition, as today in Spain.

We refuse to approve of civil war,

from whatever quarter it comes, for we put morality before the political and economic interests of any caste, church or class. Therefore it is absurd to call the war of the Spanish generals a war of ideals, a crusade, a holy war.

Thus we carry the rule of morality into the political system, the value of conscience from private life to public life, respect of our neighbor from economic relations to political relations. This is true democracy.

V

One of the strongest objections against the predominance of morality over politics is that a choice dictated by moral considerations would be often unilateral, and that an unprincipled adversary would take advantage of it, being bound himself by no moral scruple.

The argument is halting, for it underestimates the power of moral values. Germany invaded Belgium, believing that thus she could more swiftly strike at France. But the violation of Belgian neutrality roused England and undid what it was intended to do. Germany believed she could terrorize the Allies by torpedoing unarmed ships in mid-ocean, but the sinking of the *Lusitania* led to America's entry into the war, and her entry was decisive. Moral values were victorious over the so-called material advantages.

It is evident that if moral values are to be victorious they must be validly supported. Pascal wanted the just to be strong and the strong just. When the just are not strong and the strong are not just, the world goes topsy-turvy. Therefore the democracies of today must be just and strong, for so

the dictatorships, which are strong, will be forced to act justly.

Another objection raised against the primacy of morality is that public morality is vague, ill-defined, without sanctions to enforce it, and lacks the necessary background of education because conviction is lacking.

Is this really true?

Men of conscience know that certain actions are unlawful, whether they concern private or public matters. The murder of St. Thomas à Becket, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and the murder of Matteotti are all three on the same plane, political crimes committed either by order of the man in power or to please him. And in the twelfth century, as in the nineteenth or twentieth centuries, the moral conscience of every class of citizens protested; there was the difference that in the twelfth century the murderers of Becket were punished and King Henry II did public penance, whereas in modern times neither Napoleon nor Mussolini were condemned or did penance. So much for progress in moral custom!

But it is not only against such glaring crimes that the general moral conscience protests, but also against those more usual in political life—the breach of pledges and oaths and the breaking of treaties. Today Fascists and Nazis banish moral duties from public life, believing they must consider only what is or is not to the advantage of the nation. What is more, a new ethical principle has been installed: that which corresponds to the advantage of the state or nation is *ipso facto* moral.

Against this perversion we must react and show it up for what it is, the old false maxim that 'the end

justifies the means.' For us, even if the end is the good of the nation, that does not justify immoral means like treaty-breaking, the treacherous murder of opponents, massacres of the innocent, the persecution of a race, the suppression of religious worship and of moral, civil and political liberties, or unjust war—none of those things that the dictatorships of today hold lawful. The fundamental reason for our firm and trenchant assertion of this principle is that any moral system must be based on respect of human personality, and any immoral system violates before all and above all the rights of human personality.

Hitler's propaganda is contrary to love of our neighbor, inasmuch as he establishes the race as principle of human selection; for Hitler there is no neighbor outside the race. And for him his neighbor is not a person, but depersonalized, for each is nothing but a number, a quantity which serves the whole, so that the whole absorbs the numerical individual and transforms it. Monstrous as this seems, it is what is happening in Germany under our eyes.

But this is just what has been done among ourselves by anonymous capitalism and industrialism; it is the running sore of our Western democracies. The immoral and inhuman background of our civilization is constituted by its negation of human personality; the deeper is this negation, the more immoral and inhuman the system. Therefore we denounce Fascism, Nazism, Bolshevism—all dictatorships—as inhuman and immoral systems. But we do not forget how much inhumanity and immorality there still is in the present structure of the democratic nations.

An account of Italianization in Southern Tyrol; and the story of an escape from the Fascist 'Devil's Island.'

Under the Fasces

I. VISIT TO SOUTHERN TYROL

From the Manchester Guardian, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE train drew slowly out of Ventimiglia and groped its precarious way between mountains and sea. At the first stop our carriage halted opposite a beautiful new fountain, on which we read: 'In memory of the great injustice which fifty-two nations did to Italy. . . . Italians, be strong and remember!' From then on houses, walls, pavements and telegraph posts wearied the eye with the bombastic utterances of the Duce: 'At last Italy has her Empire,' 'Peace rests upon our armed forces,' 'We have scores to settle—we shall settle them,' 'We shall shoot straight.'

The Duce was in Sicily and the 'incredible enthusiasm' of the people was proclaimed from every front page. A working man who shared our compartment threw down his paper; his comment was brief and illuminating: 'Every time the fellow makes a speech the price of veal goes up.'

Our new friend was a man of

originality, and his expressions were pointed. 'No! Italy is not strong.' In pantomime he swelled his biceps and pulled in his belt.

In Milan we observed a curious paradox. Our hosts were middle-class people, the mother a widow, the sons officers and officials. The children are anti-Fascist, but the mother believes that 'Mussolini was necessary for Italy.' But our goal was 'Austria Irredenta.' Soon after Verona the mountains closed in on us and we began to feel at home. At Trento we began our wandering. First the squalor of Southern Tyrol. The country there is fertile and charming, but the houses of the peasants are slovenly, the windows stuffed with sacking, and hordes of dirty, ragged children play in the narrow and muddy village street.

We know that if the inns are full we shall find no comfort in a farmhouse. We fall in with some Austrian tourists, two middle-aged married couples, im-

posingly efficient with forty-pound packs but no children (the tragedy of Vienna). We talk. 'How do you explain the backwardness of these parts when you consider what men of German race have made of precisely the same physical conditions elsewhere?'

'The Southern Tyrol was always the Siberia of Austria.'

Next day we are at Balzano, happy among Austrian faces, Austrian costumes and Austrian speech. But to buy bread we must speak German in a '*panificio*;' for shoes we ask in a '*calzolaio*.' The use of German in public announcements is absolutely forbidden.

We purchase a map to guide our wanderings, one of the maps of the Austrian General Staff which the peace treaty made over to the Italians. But the German names have been replaced by Italian translations. This is confusing, and not to us alone. In the railway station at Toblach we came across two peasants poring over a wall map. The booking clerk had refused to supply them with a ticket until they could pronounce the Italian name of their destination.

We were glad to hear that the Italian General Staff shares our difficulties. They have been compelled to erect signposts for the guidance of soldiers on maneuvers. An Italian officer confided to me: 'Such antics are unworthy of our culture. We shall never win over the population like this.'

From Balzano we climb into the mountains and soon find a pleasant farmhouse, where we rent a spacious room with a veranda blazing with flowers. Eight children our hosts have, and they are in the fields from sunrise till dusk. They are glad of our few

shillings, for this family, which scarcely touches money in its simple subsistence farming, must pay a tax of 400 lire (\$21) for the use of the water that rushes past its door. For the guest-rooms the tax amounts to 600 lire (\$31.50). 'The German peasant is only a milch cow. . . .' In one of their rooms is billeted an Italian militiaman with his three children, one two months old. All their lives are lived in this one room, which is divided by a strip of curtain. They pay 80 lire (\$4) a month for lodging, fuel and light. In another an anæmic clerk and his wife from Milan are spending their vacation. They cook their 'pasta' and vegetables at the common stove. Even our Bauernfrau can spare a 'Poor devils!' for them.

Soon we pay our yearly penalty for foreign travel. I visit the apothecary. '*Haben Sie was für . . . ?*' No German spoken. A little girl of twelve stands by the counter as interpreter. She has learned Italian at the school, and to her I must confide my humiliating details.

I express my astonishment to the village priest. The doctor, he says, is even worse. A monoglot Italian has been imposed on the village in accordance with the policy of Italianization. Things came to such a pass that the peasants petitioned the mayor—a Fascist official. He replied: 'The veterinary cannot make himself understood to his patients either, but he does not find it a hindrance in his profession.'

Italianization becomes more severe year by year. Italian is used for all school subjects except, thanks to a revolt of the clergy, religion. The children are ordered to speak Italian at home. I heard no word of it, but the

official policy is resulting in widespread illiteracy. The children speak only their local dialect; High German and German literature they cannot read. Even the gravestones are silenced, and all epitaphs must be in Italian. The peasants content themselves with the name and an *R.I.P.* But now even German Joseph must appear on his gravestone as Giuseppe, and the war memorial to Austrian dead commemorates an Italian victory.

The priest can tell us countless stories of petty injustice and the tyranny of local bureaucrats—evictions, police beatings and faked auctions. We are near the frontier, where airdromes are needed and swallow up long stretches of precious land at the bottom of the valley. One farmer has his orchard uprooted. His brother and neighbor begs for permission to transplant his own young trees. Permission is granted, but when the official valuer comes along he enters the land as 'sterile' and only a pittance is granted as compensation.

We wander yet farther afield, and in a mountain hut a blind Homer enlivens a long evening with the saga of

the Fanestäl, fit to be set beside the Nibelungenlied. He is a patriot, and politics are inevitable. What of the Berlin-Rome axis? 'We feel ourselves twice betrayed.'

I tax a friendly German: 'You people are always talking of going to the help of your German brethren in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria, where "*Germanentum*" is not endangered; but of Italy, where there is worse oppression of German men than anywhere in Europe, you say not a word.' His reply is: '*Es ist ja nur ein Kubbandel*' (It's only a cattle deal).

The next day is Sunday, and we meet a peasant and his little girl toiling up the forest track. In his hand he holds a can filled with 'good water' to sprinkle at the shrine high above us: his friend was lying ill. My nationality cannot be concealed. 'Where does the Herr come from?' And a little later the question which is always nearest their hearts and lips: 'Do you believe that we shall ever be German again?' We lie nobly and leave him happy as we climb to the strategic road which thousands of imported Italian laborers are driving up to the Austrian frontier.

II. ESCAPE FROM LAMPEDUSA

By GIACOMO COSTA

Translated from the *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

[Signor Giacomo Costa was once a prominent Naples barrister and a Socialist leader. His participation in the opposition to the Fascist régime, which the Italian Crown Prince was supposed to lead, cost him his freedom. He was arrested and sent to the penal Island of Tremiti. His attempt to escape was forestalled by his transfer to Lampedusa,

the Italian 'Devil's Island,' from which at last, with the help of courageous friends, he was able to make his escape. THE EDITORS.]

ONE evening a guard said to me: 'Tomorrow you are leaving for Lampedusa.' And he looked at me strangely.

For a moment I was crushed by despair. If Tremiti was dreadful, Lampedusa would be worse. I had heard that it was the most terrible of all Italy's penal islands, to which the worst criminals were sent. Escape from it seemed impossible.

It was my fate to be the first political prisoner to be sent to Lampedusa, but I was soon followed by a thousand others. If Tremiti was an arid cliff, Lampedusa was a barren terrace of chalk and stone, constantly scorched by a blazing sun. During all the time I was there not a single drop of rain fell. No sandy beach softened the sharp contours of the island. Drinking water was brought by ship once a week. It was so foul that often we preferred to stand the tortures of thirst as long as we could. At six o'clock in the evening we were shut in for the night and during the day we were allowed to walk only within certain limits, always within gunshot of the guards. As for food, those who could use the canteens were considered lucky.

I had some money with me, so I was able to rent a little hut and to obtain a more comfortable mattress. Prisoners who lacked such resources suffered true martyrdom.

No visitor had ever been admitted to Lampedusa; but after months of effort, my daughter, who was leaving Italy, was able to get special permission to stop at the island and bid me goodby. I did not know whether I should be happy or not. Finally, the joy of seeing a beloved face triumphed over the heartbreak of such a meeting. I waited feverishly. On the day my little girl was to come, I was told that upon Mussolini's own order the permission had been withdrawn.

The days passed, sad and heavy. Although the idea of escape was always in the back of my mind, I could not see the slightest possibility. We knew nothing about the outside world.

One day there was great excitement. A merchant ship had come to the island. I was able to speak with the captain, who knew me by name and who, thinking that I was buried for good on Lampedusa, talked to me for a while without constraint.

'Great events are ahead,' he declared. 'Italy no longer fears anyone. Europe trembles before the Duce. One of my friends was commander of the warship that has recently conveyed Mussolini to Tripoli. He told me that when the ship was within sight of Malta, the Duce ordered all the officers on deck. Suddenly he asked them: "How long do you think it would take us to capture Malta?" There was an embarrassed silence. "So you have not even thought about it?" he rejoined. "Well, I have. It could be done in four hours."'

II

I was to get an even greater surprise. On August 14th, the chief of the guards said to me: 'Some Spanish sailors are coming to the island. I understand that you know their language.' I admitted that I knew enough Spanish to carry on a conversation.

'Good, you can interpret for us.'

Where did these Spaniards come from? I learned that a steamer bound for Spain had been torpedoed the night before off Lampedusa. Only the captain and eleven men survived the explosion, managed to get into a life boat and were picked up and brought

to the island. I learned from the Spanish captain, José Lopez, that he and his men had been given a choice by their Italian captors: they could either sign a statement to the effect that they did not know the nationality of the submarine that sank them, or else be turned over to the Spanish Rebels. They signed and were taken under close guard to the island of Maddalena, off the Sardinian coast, where they are probably detained today.

In the meanwhile, life on the island was becoming more and more unbearable. New political prisoners were being sent to Lampedusa in increasing numbers. They presented a pitiful spectacle. As they landed on the strand, chained together in long lines, they could be seen staggering, falling, rising again. They were just like those sad parties of convicts on their way to Siberia under the Tsarist régime, with this difference: that our Siberia was a torrid rockbound hell where heat, thirst, hunger and sickness reigned supreme instead of cold.

No, this could not go on. Somehow I had to escape. Otherwise, death seemed a better fate. There were rumors that we were to be transferred once more. I felt that another change would exhaust all my will to escape. I knew that my friends were doing everything possible to get me out, just as they had at Tremiti. It was unreasonable to suppose that they would renew their efforts a third time.

One day I was wandering through the island when a fisherman brushed against me and succeeded in slipping a note into my hand. Trembling and throwing hunted glances all around me, I was finally able to read it without being seen. I read: 'Patience. Con-

fidence. More news later. We shall not act until success is certain.' The impossible was going to happen. Again I waited. I was beginning to lose all hope when another note was smuggled to me. It read: 'All is ready. We are looking for a man who knows the island. We shall find him.'

III

On the morning of October 20th, I was walking not far from my cabin. The usual four Carabinieri were standing a few yards behind me. A man dressed in a Customs Guard's uniform approached. I did not pay any attention to him. But as he drew near to me, he walked more slowly and I heard him murmur under his breath a single word: 'Jaurès.' The name of the great French Socialist was a password we had agreed on. He added: 'I am—. Leave at noon. Take four men with you to help you get down the cliff. We will be waiting at—.' And he named the farthest point on the island. Then he went away. Even in the uniform of a Customs officer, it was not hard for me to recognize an old and trusted friend.

I still don't know how I succeeded in hiding my agitation from the Carabinieri. Several hours remained before the escape. If any of my preparations were suspected, all would be lost. There was one difficult hour in which I had to listen to and question a man who had been sent to me by the authorities for legal advice. I had to talk to him as calmly as though I were in my office in Naples, and to give the impression of complete tranquillity, although I was profoundly agitated at the thought of what the next few hours held in store for me.

I had in mind four men whom I wanted to take with me. But since I was unable to get to them, I picked four others at random and told them where to meet me. In spite of their amazement, they did not ask me any questions, but met me as agreed.

At noon, when our guards were eating lunch, we slipped out of our cabins and crawled into a ditch. For an hour and a half we crawled along the ditch until we reached the open country. There nobody could see us. With one bound we reached the cliffs above the point where the boat was supposed to meet us.

I scanned the horizon. Not a sail; no smoke; nothing but an immense blue desert. What could this mean? Had my rescuers fallen into the hands of the Fascists? Was everything discovered? This time I felt I would never have the strength to make another attempt. Two terrible hours passed, with the sea horribly empty. There we were, a few men among the rocks, ready to brave all dangers with liberty in sight, but completely discouraged.

My companions said to me: 'It is all over. Let us try to get back to the camp before our absence is noticed. This is the best we can do.'

Crushed, I bowed my head. Then I straightened up. 'No, we cannot give up yet. You go hide among the rocks and I shall continue to wait.'

At that moment I saw two fishermen, a father and son, approaching me, carrying their nets. It was an anxious moment. Astonished at seeing me, they asked: 'What are you doing here?'

I summoned up my courage and answered: 'I am here to watch for Big Jack. What about you?'

Immediately they looked at me with the greatest respect. Big Jack was a notorious smuggler on this coast, and everybody knew that the police were always hunting him, without ever being able to catch him. My prompt response led these honest fishermen to believe that I was probably one of the best bloodhounds of the Coast Guard Police. I still don't know why they didn't question me further.

I pursued my advantage. 'You had better hide among the rocks, because we are too exposed here. Big Jack will try to land a big cargo of contraband and if he resists we shall have to shoot him down.'

The fishermen hastened to obey, staying only to assure me that they were here by mere chance, that they had nothing to do with the contrabandist and were only too happy to see somebody put an end to his misdeeds.

Again I found myself alone. Then suddenly I saw a speck on the horizon. Was it my rescuers? Or could it really be Big Jack, who, as I knew, used to pay frequent visits to this part of the coast? A small motor-boat rapidly approached the steep cliff. It was my friend the Customs officer with four young sailors.

Then began the perilous descent. Clinging with hands and feet we made our way down the face of the precipice. Above was the rocky wall, below the sharp points of the rocks and the water. Just before I reached the boat, my grip failed and I fell into the sea. I was immediately picked up. As soon as we were all aboard, the boat sped away from the island.

The hardest part of our adventure was over and not even the terrible Mediterranean storm that we en-

countered could make us lose hope. We felt that after escaping the cruelty of men, we could trust ourselves to the mercies of the elements. After two days and nights of dangerous sailing, we sighted land again. But this time it was free land—Tunis. We followed the coast until we reached Korbus. I was the first to jump out of the boat and, with a gesture of exultation that

may seem bizarre, I kissed the soil that made me a free man. I was warmly received by friends in Tunis, but was advised to leave at once because of the danger of assassination. My escape had created a great disturbance among Mussolini's agents, who feared the revelations I might make.

I am free, but thousands of others still suffer.

THE NEW LEAGUE

By SAGITTARIUS

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Rome's tripartite agreement shows
a white-hot coalescence;
its whole dynamic message glows
with Fascist incandescence.
Far, far beyond Geneva's reach,
pedantically legal,
this soaring and exultant screech
proclaims the Fascist eagle.

They hail the coming Fascist age
from Reich and Roman rostrum,
as now for colonies they rage,
and now for Mare Nostrum!
And when they've purged from every land
Bolshevik desperadoes
the earth will be the Duce's (and
the Reich's and the Mikado's).

Above Geneva's stark remains
the Fascists turn the tables
and hurl totalitarian Cains
on democratic Abels,
while peace-pledged nations view with dread
their logical successor—
the new league of the anti-Red
against the non-aggressor.

Concerning scientific tax-dodging, as practiced by European capitalists.

Havens for Fugitive Capital

By PAUL GERIN

Translated from *Vendredi*
Paris Radical Weekly

A FEW steps from Montmartre, in a quiet little street through which there drift kitchen smells, stands the Hotel International. The title jars with its appearance, for the establishment seems like a typical haunt of a provincial bourgeois clientele. In the hall, Empire armchairs alternate with the rattan chairs. The reception room boasts a cozy corner with a piano, on which stands a vase of chrysanthemums. The latest numbers of *Illustration* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* can be seen on a table.

It was here that I came to meet the representative of Messrs. Lombard and Hautegarde, real estate agents in Geneva—a firm founded in 1807. I looked again at their advertisement, which was the reason for my coming to this place.

French Switzerland. Attractive revenue-producing business properties and residences. Safe and profitable investments; free from transfer tax; efficient management. Utmost discre-

tion. MM. Lombard and Hautegarde, 315 Quai de Bergues, Geneva. For information apply to our representative stopping at Hotel International, Paris.

Yes, I was at the right place. These MM. Lombard and Hautegarde interested me considerably. Not that I wanted to buy a house on the banks of Lake Léman and let it to good tenants who would pay me their rent in good Swiss francs. No, I merely wanted to ascertain whether it is as easy as they say to send one's funds out of France without leaving a trace and even to make some profit out of it in despite of the French Revenue Department. So for half an hour I was prepared to play the rôle of a novice smuggler.

'... Adolphe Carcailloux, representative of MM. Lombard and Hautegarde. Here is my card. With whom have I the honor . . . ?'

Cards were exchanged and confidence established; nothing more was

necessary. M. Carcailloux proved to be a discreet man.

'Let us sit there,' he suggested, indicating a cozy corner, 'we shall be more comfortable. . . .'

II

In order to obtain from M. Carcailloux the precious information I wanted, I told him the tritest lie possible. A relative of mine living in the country, having read the announcement in the paper, asked me to find out more about it for him. This relative had a few hundred thousand francs which he wanted to place in a secure spot, preferably in Switzerland—a revenue-bringing house might suit him, though not a residence. Naturally he wanted to deal with a reliable agent.

'Do you want me to go and speak to him personally?'

'No, no,' I assured him hastily. 'If he asked me to take care of it for him it was because he probably did not want anything about the transaction to be known where he lives.'

'Naturally, Monsieur. I should like you to believe that all measures are taken to assure our clients absolute secrecy: there are no letterheads on our envelopes and our correspondence is dictated in such a way that only the interested party knows what we are talking about. The same is true of our financial arrangements, for the amounts are not mentioned openly but in a code that is prepared for each client.'

'You will also remember,' he continued, 'that Geneva is not far from the border; every day our letters are posted in France, and if we have anything important to communicate to our clients, we go to see them per-

sonally. I myself come to Paris every few weeks.'

'But is not exposure to be feared?' I insisted. 'After all, real estate is landed property; its proprietor must be known and it would be easy for the French Revenue Department to reach him even in Geneva.'

'Not at all, Monsieur. We put the real estate into a joint-stock company. The name of the assignee is left blank on the stock certificate; thus the owner's identity is protected. If he owns an entire property, he delegates to us the power of attorney by a special contract. I personally,' M. Carcailloux confided to me, 'am an administrator for forty-two joint-stock real estate companies. Have the goodness to read this notice.'

I read: 'Very frequently we serve our clients by registering ourselves as sole administrators. In that case we make a special agreement with our clients. The name of the owner of the capital shares thus remains unknown. The big advantage of our system is the fact that the sale of real estate property may be effected by a simple transfer of the capital stock by private deed. Then it is not necessary to pay either transfer tax or registration fees. In case of the death of the owners of capital stock, since they are unknown, transfer duties and inheritance taxes may be avoided, provided the stock certificates are assignable in blank.'

In this manner hundreds of real estate properties in Geneva and Lausanne have passed into the hands of 'unknown owners.' Switzerland is a veritable Promised Land for foreign fortunes. Taxes are light, the revenue department is indifferent and there are many obliging agents who are eager to preserve the wealth of the

rich of this world against tax collector, depression, war and Communism, those Four Horsemen of the capitalist Apocalypse.

III

Switzerland is not the only country where these schemes are practiced. There are several others, situated at the crossroads of the world, whose favorable position enables them to profit by every new development in the European drama. They can serve as bases for illicit trade or espionage, or as havens for international corporations. French capital, in particular, finds a number of these asylums near at hand—Switzerland, Luxemburg, Liechtenstein, Monaco and Tangier. And there is Holland, through which so much profitable traffic flowed during the War, and whose bankers even now have one foot in London and the other in the Rhineland. In these 'neutral' States fugitive capital easily finds a refuge. They have become veritable strongboxes for expatriated capital.

The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, a sovereign State and a neutral one, hemmed in between three nations, is an ideal haven of this kind. It was in 1929, when the economic world depression first began, that the Grand Duchy saw the possibilities offered by its advantageous position. Thereupon Luxemburg, whose capital boasts a population of only 35,000, proceeded to acquire banks, lawyers and even to set up an Exchange. But it still needed liberal laws to protect it against competition. The Luxemburg lawyers therefore went to work and studied the best models. They analyzed the laws of the State of Delaware, of certain Canadian Provinces, and of the

Swiss canton of Glaris, where foreign capital seemed to be particularly comfortable, and decided that they could do even better. They did. Certainly, the law relating to the incorporation of holding companies which the Duchy enacted on July 31, 1929, has proved eminently satisfactory.

So accommodating is the Luxemburg law that holding company capital can be in French francs, Belgian francs, Swiss francs, dollars, pounds sterling—in any currency its owner wishes. Taxes are about one-tenth those in other countries. At a cost of only 6,218 francs for taxes and notary's fees it is possible to incorporate a company capitalized at 1 million francs; for only 42,000 francs a company capitalized at 10 million francs can be created.

As soon as this law went into effect, there began a great influx of foreign capital into Luxemburg. At the end of 1929 there were only three holding companies in Luxemburg; by the end of 1932 their number had grown to 367, with a capitalization of 1,708,000,000 francs. Today there are more than 1,000 holding companies in Luxemburg. The function of most of these is the management of foreign enterprises and, especially, the administration of their funds and securities. Among them, of course, are a few big companies which openly represent industrial and bank trusts. One is the Ford Investment Company, which controls all of the Ford enterprises on the Continent and is capitalized at 480,000,000 francs. But most of them are joint-stock companies designed to 'luxemburgize' French, English, Belgian, German and Italian interests.

Luxemburg's only serious competitor as a refuge from Europe's tax

collectors is the Principality of Liechtenstein. If you do not know where Liechtenstein is, then get out your atlas and look somewhere between Switzerland and Austria. There, at the foot of Gipsberg, you will find the Principality of Liechtenstein with its capital, Vaduz, fitting into a few square kilometers.

Vaduz is the smallest capital in Europe. It had 1,150 inhabitants a few years ago; today it has only 1,700. There is little more to Vaduz than its main street. There is no railway and only one little-used highway for automobiles. Two tall buildings show some outside influence. Apart from this unexpected evidence of modern civilization, Vaduz, with its hotels and villas tinted by geraniums, and its herds of cows which pass up the main street every morning on their way to mountain pastures, is a typical charming Alpine village.

Nevertheless, Vaduz is one of the most important asylums of foreign capital, a true 'vampire of Europe's money,' as it has been called in Nazi Germany, which has its own reasons for grudging Liechtenstein its financial success. Liechtenstein possesses one irresistible attraction: it is a true sovereign State, recognized as such since the time of Napoleon I, a State whose very weakness seems to make it secure. Twenty lawyers living in Vaduz are occupied mainly in utilizing the exceptional position of the tiny State. In Liechtenstein the revenue tax is 1 per cent. For a very small sum a corporation may be formed and do business without anybody meddling in its affairs.

In 1928 Vaduz harbored the more or less fictitious registered offices of 333 corporations. Today there are at

least a thousand, almost as many corporations as there are inhabitants. That means that the prosperity of the Principality is assured; its budget regularly shows a surplus. The only conditions imposed upon foreign companies that adopt the precious nationality of Liechtenstein is that they shall not sell bonds to the natives, or under any pretext lure money from the good Liechtensteiners!

IV

The only remedy for these practices would be a series of international agreements directed against fiscal frauds. France has made one of these agreements with Sweden, whereby each country agreed to furnish the other with information about the financial operations of its nationals. Some talks on the subject have been begun with the United States Government, which was even kind enough to impose a special tax upon the foreign capital which has taken refuge in the United States. But no actual agreement has yet been signed, although billions of French francs have been migrating to New York.

This great mass of migrating capital, which seems to enjoy a kind of diplomatic immunity, has grown from year to year until it now amounts to some 250 billions of French francs, an amount almost equal to the world's gold reserves. If in Switzerland, Luxemburg, Holland, Liechtenstein, Panama and Tangier—to name only a few—certain financiers are making a profession of drawing foreign capital away from its rightful home, we are justified in considering them, and those who employ them, as ruthless saboteurs of the world's financial equilibrium.

Knud, a simple-minded son of nature,
falls into the hands of the trolls.

Knud *the* Woodsman

By LUCIEN MAULVAULT

Translated by LUCY CORES

From Candide, Paris Conservative Weekly

ONE October evening the night seemed to rise from the earth and curve over the glade in a misty arc. The moist soil smelled of resin, and the moon, climbing up behind the pines, had a furtive look, as if its face had been smeared in the mud.

Knud, his axe on his shoulder, had just stopped to take a last look about him before plunging into the forest. There was a swamp nearby, and farther away some scattered stumps as tall as crouching men, the remnants of trees he had chopped down during the summer. Among them he saw a troll—watching him. A rather tall fattish troll it was, with squinting eyes, and a nose like a sprouting potato.

Knud hesitated for an instant, not knowing what he ought to do. Should he go up to him or should he pretend he had not seen anything and was just an ordinary man going home with a clear conscience? He decided on the latter course, not because he found it better or because he was a coward, but simply because it was a matter of

discretion. Dis-cre-tion! He repeated the word as he walked along the path through the trees and it seemed to stretch out as long as the path. . . .

From that moment on, although the troll made several hissing sounds as if to attract his attention, our Knud never looked back, even when he came to the door of his cabin, which he shut behind him very carefully. Goloe, his dog, greeted him, as usual, with a single sharp bark, and his thumping tail raised a little cloud of dust from the floor. 'Ought to sweep it,' thought Knud. He put his axe and whetstone in the corner of the room and lighted the candle. He was worried. Several times, as he sat eating, he scratched his head and then wondered whether it was really his own head that he was scratching. But since there was not even a piece of mirror in the house, he had no way of making sure.

As he peeled his baked potatoes, he knew that he had not been at all surprised to see a troll. His father had told him once that this whole moun-

tain was full of trolls and warned him to go elsewhere to chop down trees and to plant his beets on the other side of the river if he wanted to live quietly like other men. For a long time he had had a feeling, which had become a downright conviction, that some day he would see one in these parts. He had even argued about it with Rognar. 'There are trolls in these woods. I tell you there are!' he had said, and he had thumped the table with the handle of his knife in irritation because Rognar would not believe him. And now Knud had seen one. That was something different, actually seeing a troll.

He dried his hands on his trousers and put both elbows on the table, the better to support with his hands that queer hairy head of his. Now he knew that he had done wrong to make this clearing. Yes, Knud was plainly worried. His pale sad round eyes wandered from the honey-colored beams to the board walls, to the wooden wardrobe. Everything here—yes, everything—he had made with his own hands from the trees of this forest. He was guilty, all right. But tonight he repented. He was not really evil at heart. He wanted peace. Once he had seen an elk wading in the river. He had his gun with him at the time and it would have been child's play for him to get that elk. It would have meant venison for two weeks at least, besides the value of the skin. But the great beast stalked slowly away, hampered by the weight of his ponderous antlers, and Knud had not even tried to shoot it.

II

Nothing would have happened if Rognar had not laughed and slapped his thighs when he heard about the

troll. He was a stocky man, this Rognar with whom he lived. The back of his neck was as bristly as a boar's and the thick hair ran down into the collar of his shirt. When his back was turned, one could see his ears, which were long, swollen and as ample as rhubarb leaves. Knud did not like these obscene ears that responded to every movement of Rognar's jaws. Ears in general inspired in him a horror that almost amounted to an obsession. When Rognar faced him, for example, Knud knew that it was done merely to hide the ears. You don't see a man's ears so much when he faces you, but when he turns sidewise, you suddenly become conscious of them. And from the back it is still worse. . . .

Well, Rognar had nothing but his stupid laughter for the story about the troll, and that annoyed Knud.

'Did you see him move, your troll?' he jeered. 'If you did, well, that was our bear, that's all.' He smiled, entertained by his own solution. 'Knud! Hey, Knud! Our bear!'

And he burst out laughing again. From the thickness of his laughter one could guess that his tongue filled his mouth and throat, and this detail added to the repulsion which his whole face inspired.

Knud knew that it was not the bear he saw. There was the bear, to be sure, but there was also the troll. Rognar took his rifle off the peg on which it was hanging and laid it on the table.

'Tomorrow at dawn I'll get that bear for you. There is a lot of fat, Knud, in an autumn bear. Fat and good juicy meat. . . .'

Knud got to his feet somberly. He had a feeling that his voice came from somewhere in the distance.

'Mustn't kill that bear!'

Rognar argued, pounded the table with his fist. The backs of his hands—paws, rather—were covered with freckles. Knud stubbornly held his own.

'Mustn't kill that bear, I tell you!'

'Why not?'

'Because. . . .'

The other, waiting for the rest, chuckled to himself. 'Is he holy, that bear?' He rose and loaded his gun. Yes, tomorrow! Even before plunging his head in the bucket of water, he would go out and . . . BANG! . . .

Knud was silent. A feeling of distress welled up within him. Unable to make himself understood! Alone with his conviction! He could not explain it, but for him this bear was one of the expressions of the life of the forest. He caught a glimpse of him quite often: a clumsy yet agile body scuttling through the willow bushes, a good old fat bear, like all the bears in the world, going about his business as men go about theirs. Then why kill him? On many a summer evening, in the mauve twilight, after the blue-throated robin had made his last call, a twig would crackle and Knud would stop work and say to Rognar: 'There goes our bear again.'

The bear would be watching them from his ambush nearby, his snout smeared with whortleberries. Knud could not see him but he knew that he was there.

Knud tossed his head as if to shake off his melancholy and began to take off his boots. He blew out the candle and threw himself on his bed. Rognar wished him a mocking good night and went into the other room, where he slept.

It was better that way. During the summer Rognar would often go down

to the valley and stay several days, to weave reed baskets or to float rafts of logs down the river. Those were the days Knud loved best. . . .

III

Later, Knud opened his eyes. The door was gaping and he felt the forest breeze blowing over his face. It was then that he saw the troll. He was paralyzed with fright. Others had entered noiselessly and were crowding in the shadows of the room. He could hardly see them, but their breathing was audible, interspersed with dry clucking sounds—sounds like those made by chickens as they go pecking in the stables under the cows' feet.

The trolls came nearer, shaggy and threatening, till they surrounded his bed. The nearest opened a mouth full of disorderly tusks. He made a cynical grimace that might have been laughter. Warts covered his whole body, which was like that of a toad—no front, no shoulders.

Knud was bathed in a cold sweat. He was sure that all these trolls came here to judge him, perhaps to kidnap him. He felt himself being dragged away by the feet. Perhaps he would be found seven years from now, a scattered bunch of bones sucked dry, in some dank spot overshadowed by cliffs and trees. After all it's fairly common for a man to disappear without leaving a trace. He, Knud, would be the next—unless they intended to strangle him right then and there. One troll was gripping his throat. The others, their dark bodies milling about in noiseless confusion, were busy dismantling the cabin, board by board.

Already the sky was showing through

gaps in the walls and roof. Horrified, Knud, his body convulsed, his knees gathered up to his heaving chest, felt his bed slipping away piece by piece, until nothing was left but the frame which supported the mattress. Around him was emptiness, a precipice, into which the tittering trolls were about to push him. Swine that he was! At last the hour had come for him to restore everything, to the smallest lath, to the potatoes with which he had stuffed his belly—yes, every last thing he had stolen from the land around him, even to the stool, and the reindeer skin, and the ceiling that was disappearing strip by warped strip as if it were being pared off by a scraper.

Yes, he was guilty. He confessed his guilt. Huddled on the edge of the mattress he moaned and jabbered to himself. Rognar would never understand. There he lay, just behind the wooden wall that was still up between them. But there was a distance between Rognar and Knud that could not be measured. It was like the distance from one planet to another.

'Rognar! Hey, Rognar!' He was stifling. The trolls were harassing him from all sides. All right, he would get up, he would run and bring Rognar back. He understood now. Knud would stop him. Their bear would not be killed, he promised the trolls solemnly, kneeling as if before the cross. And he would never again chop down the trees of their forest. He would go away and never come back. . . .

IV

All at once he opened his eyes and saw through the open door the first dim pattern of the dawn, tinted like the belly of a trout, above the black

jagged silhouette of the firs. He saw that there was nothing on the table except an empty bowl. Rognar had already gone out, taking the rifle with him.

Knud began to tremble. He put on his boots, buckled his belt and rushed out into the clearing. What a swine he was! He had overslept. Now he would be too late. And how would he ever get the rifle away from Rognar?

At that moment two shots rang out, and then silence, like a curtain, settled around him once more. The acrid smell of burnt powder floated to him through the air. Goloe, who had followed Rognar, awoke the forest with his triumphant yelps. Knud stopped. It was done. Another destruction was added to the many already committed. As if he were not guilty enough! He struck his chest, so hard that he hurt himself. Then he went on, his legs sagging.

Yes, Knud knew exactly just what had happened. Rognar had gone straight to the side of the hill where the trees were few and the bushes, yellowed by the first frosts, were hard to penetrate. Obviously that was the best place for the bear, who sleeps every day in the fall. Rognar knew how to find his lair. He was a great hunter, Rognar! He would boast about it yet, the murderer! And the bear, seeing him, had lifted one paw, balancing himself on three others. He was confident, afraid of no evil. Life was simple and sweet: a dawn full of sweet odors, a thicket of raspberry bushes. And the creature walking there was just one of the two animals that he knew, those animals that walked on two legs—his forest neighbors whose sole occupation was making clearings and dragging

away tree trunks the way the ants drag away pine needles.

Now their bear, so alert only a few minutes ago, was still. The body lay, a limp furry sack, among the withered bramble-bushes. The first sign of death was the sand soiling his flanks. Rognar must have dragged the remains some distance. A living creature of the woods could never let its fur become soiled like this. It was always fastidious about its person.

Goloe was ranging around the carcass with lips drawn back from grinning teeth, looking for a good place to get at the flesh. Rognar had put down his rifle and was playing the braggart.

'Here he is, your troll,' and he slapped his companion's shoulder. 'Give me a hand with him.'

Motionless, Knud looked at the carcass without answering. There was nothing more to say. Rognar began to tug at the beast, as if it were a heavy bag, until he got it to the cabin. There he took out his knife and began to skin the bear. He would sell this skin at Torneå and get enough tobacco to last the whole winter. He turned again to Knud, who was still standing there petrified, and winked at him.

'Tobacco for the whole winter! . . . And the good meat! Eh, Knud? What are you thinking about? You are batting your eyes like a boar that has met a sow. Come and help me, for God's sake!'

But Knud was deaf. He stood there shifting from foot to foot, his arms hanging like strips of drying lard. Thereupon Rognar burrowed deeper into the animal, cut off a piece of the entrails and threw it, dripping, at Knud as a little joke. Knud, still immobile, did not try to escape the blow

and was spattered with blood. In his head, grown heavy and hard like an iron box, there was room for one thought—this Rognar made him sick.

V

'Are you eating or are you not?'

Rognar offered him a tasty morsel from the haunch, and a portion of stewed whortleberries on the side. Knud motioned 'no' with his head. He would never again eat either bear meat, or any other meat, he said. For everything here was stolen. To swallow the meat only to be forced to give it back later—what was the good of it? The trolls did not want him to feed on stolen things. This wood and the creatures in it and the patch of ground where they had planted cabbage—everything belonged to the trolls. He could not go on living here in a dismantled house that had neither walls nor roof, with a bed that stood over emptiness, with just the cover on top to hide the naked reality. He would go. Rognar could chop alone in the forest, until one evening, all alone in his clearing, without a soul for miles and miles around him, he, too, would see the fat troll with squinty eyes. At first he would merely shrug his shoulders and go on with his work. Then he would stop again and put down his axe to scrutinize the creature. And in the violet shadows of a November afternoon, in the misty twilight, so quiet that one could hear dead branches snapping and fallen trees complaining, a strange doubt would steal upon him just as it did upon Knud.

Rognar, listening to this, could not restrain an enormous chuckle. Knud looked at him, his face expressionless.

He had just become aware of another repulsive stigma in his companion's face that he had not noticed before: without the ears it had the look of a boar's head—the same line of the snout, cocked greedily toward food.

Rognar took his pipe and stuffed it with an affected gesture. He was quite pleased with himself and it would take more than this idiot's ravings to spoil the day for him. The larder was filled. They would eat bear for Christmas—it was hanging there, neatly divided into quarters. So much for Mr. Bear! And if cold weather came late, he would smoke the best pieces in the fireplace. Still happy, he saluted the bearskin that was hanging outside and went out to do some more chopping.

Knud followed him with his eyes. He had not eaten, but he did not feel hungry. He was simply sad, so sad that he felt ill. Something kept him from leaving immediately although everything here was forbidden him. From the threshold of the cabin he could see, in the curve of the river, only a few hundred paces from where he stood, the little boat that was to take him far from here. It was a simple Lapp *cka* drawn up on the sandy beach together with the reindeer antlers that had become white. He would go. . . .

Rognar was moving away along the path, humming his tiresome ditty. Rognar, the persecutor—the murderer! Soon he could hear him chopping in the forest. From the rhythm of his strokes, from the dry response of the wood, Knud could conjure up the image of the other man at work. He picked up his axe and followed.

Rognar heard him coming. Without even turning, he mopped at his sweating neck and said: 'Are you working?'

He did not wait for an answer. With a powerful swing of his torso he brought down his axe. Crash! Knud felt dizzy as he followed the swaying back with his eyes. Never before had he seen so clearly the vulgar nape of Rognar's neck, where the roll of fat, creased by two wrinkles, made a sort of hairy pouch. And he could not help seeing those ears, thick and pendulous like collops.

Without haste Knud grasped his axe and, sticking out his tongue a little as one does when one is concentrating on a strenuous task, he swung the axe upward and brought it down, powerfully—precisely. Rognar slumped noiselessly to the ground, like any other inanimate thing. Only there was a small gash in the back of his head, a gash that gradually gaped wider and wider. It reminded Knud of how, when he was a child, his father had bought him a pomegranate in Narvik. It was a fruit he had never seen, and he had to have it cracked open by the peddler to see how it was eaten.

Knud circled twice around Rognar, who sprawled there without moving, his nose in the leaves. And since a sharp stone was touching the inert face, he picked it up between thumb and forefinger and threw it away. The pine with its live wound must have been suffering in the meantime. Knud put in the wedge and with ten well-placed blows ended its agony. Finished! The great ligneous body crashed down in its turn and its topmost branches swept the ground.

VI

Knud went down to the river and sat in his boat. From where he was he could see the cabin, no larger than a

box, among the four birch trees with their trembling, withered leaves. A furry rag was hanging on the wire. The whole scene was a mournful one, austere and forlorn. From the surrounding firs came the wrangling of black birds.

Knud cowered in the bottom of the boat. He felt now that it might be better not to go away. Something held him in this still landscape. It would be better to remain hidden in the middle of it. You never know how things are after you have gone. Knud would stay, for a while at least. He covered the skiff with leaves, as careful and patient as a beaver. He would stay there hidden, like a hunter of wild geese.

On the second day he saw a woman with a head like a goat. He knew her. She was the woman who brought them milk. Perhaps she had a head like that on her shoulders because it was the milk of goats that splashed in her pail.

The woman walked around the cabin. He saw her go in, come out and begin to spy about. Goloe had gone away. Knud had heard him howling for a long time, the way dogs do when they have been abandoned by men. The dog had gone over to where Rognar had been cutting wood. Then, with his hair rising and a frightened look in his usually pugnacious eyes, he went over to the beach, to sniff the rope of the boat where his master's scent had ended. Knud had held his breath. Goloe, after a long moment of indecision, had turned away into the forest, convinced that he had lost his men and that he must now fight for his existence alone.

But the presence of the goat-woman was no problem. He could deceive her

with false words. Only dogs can't be deceived with words. Their intelligence is on the tip of their nose. Knud pushed away the reeds and tugged at the rope. His legs could hardly support him. Last night he had been bitterly cold, but today he was consumed by fever. With uncertain steps he approached the woman. He was thirsty. She spoke, but he did not pay any attention to her, any more than he had answered the foxes that had yapped at him the whole night long. He picked up the jug by the handle and drank with long gulps. This milk had come from other parts and did not belong to the trolls.

'Nobody is here now,' he said. 'Knud and Rognar have gone. There are no more beds, no more walls, nothing except this bearskin. Even the cabbages have gone. Everything.'

The woman looked at him stupidly out of her single eye. The other she had lost because of a splinter. Her distrustful look interrogated the clearing. Crows sitting on the rocks were drying their beaks. There was a southern breeze in the wood. If the frost did not come soon, there would be a bad smell. He thought of Rognar's boots. But for them, everything would soon be cleared away. Nothing is ever wasted in the forest. Mother Nature sees to that.

Knud sat down on the ground with his back to the goat-woman. Now she knew that nobody was here in spite of appearances. He had gone. There was nothing more to say.

'But what about Rognar? Where is Rognar?'

Knud began to tremble. His fingers lying on the ground grasped the dead leaves, which crumbled with a noise like that of dry paper. It would be

night soon, another night and still darker than the last one. There was too much darkness all at once. He felt himself vanquished by despair. Stretched out on his back, his head lolling back on the ground, he closed his eyes. He was too weak to live and only wanted to die.

At that the woman, in her turn, began to tremble and fled in terror.

VII

The next morning, from his boat, he saw men coming toward him, with rifles on their shoulders. One of them was dressed in black like a pastor. Dogs were ranging around them noiselessly, their noses to the ground.

Knud stretched out his stiffening limbs and passed a limp hand over his unshaven cheeks. In the trees, the topmost branches were murmuring be-

fore the breath of the wind. He turned his eyes to the right and then to the left. He was weary of listening to the rustling among the horsetails, to the burrowing under the aspens, as he lay motionless, nestled in his lacustrine hiding-place. Winter had come, black like an open tomb. Night, black night was everywhere.

He stepped out on the beach and walked toward the men, as if fascinated. With slow steps, his hands in his pockets, he crossed the clearing. The dogs circled around him, growling. He did not pay any attention to them. A few steps from the group, he stopped and saluted, taking off his fur cap. With dignity and resignation he saluted them, those well dressed men who were watching him.

'This way, gentlemen,' he told them. 'Knud is going to show you something.'

OUR CALLOUS MOTHER

It doesn't matter two straws to Nature, the mother of us all, how dreadfully we misbehave ourselves in war time, or in what hideous agonies we die. Nature can produce children enough to make good any extremity of slaughter of which we are capable. London may be destroyed; Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople may be laid in smoking ruins and the last shrieks of their women and children give way to the silence of death. No matter: Mother Nature will replace the dead. She is doing so every day. The new men will replace the old cities and perhaps come to the same miserable end.

—G. B. Shaw in the *Listener*, London

Persons and Personages

VYSHINSKI, SOVIET PROSECUTOR

By A. TIMOFEYEV

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

ANDREI VYSHINSKI was born in 1883 in Odessa. His childhood and adolescence were passed in Baku, the city so well known for its oil wells and its tenacious revolutionary traditions. In 1901, Vyshinski received his revolutionary baptism. The eighteen-year-old student became active in Social Democratic circles at Kiev University, which was a center for revolutionary-minded youth. It reacted swiftly and violently to all the political events of that time, and its lecture-rooms were the scenes of perpetual battle between the reactionary faculty and the 'radical' students. The latter also clashed often with the student members of the 'Black Hundred,' a reactionary organization, who wore in their buttonholes the insignia of the 'two-headed eagle.' Disturbances reached a climax when some of the unruly students were sent to the army as privates by order of the Government. One of the prominent speakers at the student protest meetings and in the student demonstrations was the young student of jurisprudence, Andrei Vyshinski.

In March, 1902, Vyshinski was finally tracked down by the bloodhounds of the famous Kiev Secret Police and exiled to Baku. To the great annoyance of the authorities he soon became very popular with the Baku workers because of his talent for fiery oratory. At this time he was known by the Baku proletariat under the name of Yuri. Three years later he took an active part in the organization of the famous October railroad strike, and when the Baku Workers' Soviet was created, Vyshinski was elected secretary. In October, 1905, he was arrested and held in the Baku prison for six months. Upon being paroled he immediately returned to the arduous and dangerous underground work of preparing for the revolution. When the first revolution was crushed, Vyshinski passed the terrible years of reaction at the head of a militant underground organization. Once he and his wife, a teacher in the Baku school, were shot at in the street and wounded.

Then came the infamous pogrom against the Armenians and Tartars of Baku—a massacre organized by the reactionary but unofficial elements. A certain Dr. Sorokin was held as its instigator. The Medical Society of Baku held a so-called professional trial. Suddenly, in the midst of its very correct and moderate discussion of the 'behavior of our hon-

ored colleague,' a peremptory voice shouted from the audience: 'I demand a word.' Taking advantage of the silence, a student arose and, without waiting for permission from the bewildered chairman, began his speech. It was a true indictment—an indictment against the pogrom policy of the Tsarist Government, against the shameful silence of the liberal intelligentsia. It was also the first trial address of Andrei Vyshinski, future Public Prosecutor of Soviet Russia. So great was the feeling and the logic of this address, that even the authorities had to give it its due. It was reported to His Excellency, the Governor of Caucasus, that 'a long and powerful speech of student Vyshinski, accusing Dr. Sorokin, gained much attention and called forth considerable revolutionary feeling. The trial of Sorokin became a trial of the authorities.' Needless to say, Vyshinski was soon in the Baku prison again, and, as might be expected, leading the political section of the prisoners.

AFTER the Revolution of 1917, Vyshinski became very prominent in the Narkomprod (People's Commissary for Food Supply). He participated in the fighting against General Denikin, and the Allied Intervention, and, on his return from the front, became a member of the Party. He did not begin his work as Public Prosecutor until 1923. Then as prosecutor for the Criminal Judicial Collegium he soon made himself known as a brilliant orator and directed the prosecution in a series of important trials. Later, as Attorney-General of the U.S.S.R., he was engaged in the well-known Metro-Vickers trial against the English spies and saboteurs. Foreign correspondents have paid tribute to his brilliant presentation, as well as to the dignity and logical power of his speeches. One of them wrote: 'Vyshinski's speech was a superb example of aggressive and yet at the same time restrained accusation. If Sir John Simon had been present, he would have been forced to admit, as one lawyer appraising another, that this speech was an exceptional achievement. Vyshinski spoke with tremendous power, with an almost artistic sense of proportion, showing complete command of the multifarious details of the case, and yet with constant emphasis on the basic facts of the accusation.'

The picture of Comrade Vyshinski as Public Prosecutor is incomplete without some tribute to his activity as a scholar and a master in the theory of jurisprudence. For years Vyshinski has been leading a tremendously active life, not only in prosecuting the enemies of his country, but also in framing new Soviet laws, in preparing the coming generations of the Soviet lawyers and in planning Soviet educational projects. He is Professor of Criminal Law in Moscow University and Director of the Institute of State Law. Besides, he is the author of numerous works on criminal law, civil law and the judicial structure.

In the trials of 1936 and 1937 against the Trotskiist terrorist organ-

ization, Vyshinski directed the implacable searchlight of justice upon this criminal group and analyzed every twist in their infamous path. The last words of one of his splendid speeches are more than mere rhetoric. 'It is not I alone who accuse them,' he said. 'Together with our whole people, I accuse them.' These words offer perhaps the best insight into the character of the Soviet Prosecutor, who always accuses, not alone, but 'together with our whole people.'

ROGER MARTIN DU GARD

By ANDRÉ ROUSSEAU

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Conservative Weekly

I HAVE been reading lately that Roger Martin du Gard, France's new Nobel Prize winner for Literature, has never liked to pose for the photographers and that it is very hard to get his portrait. That is quite true. Yet one needs only to open one of his books to find his illusive portrait; for there Roger Martin du Gard has painted himself in the guise of one of his characters, not with a brush but with a pen. It is not a very flattering description, but it is one that does not lack spirit.

'The Fat One was ugly with an ugliness which was ridiculous and yet sympathetic. He was tall, with great shoulders and a large stomach. The most prominent feature of his face were his nostrils. He had an overweening nose protruding from the middle of his comedian's white and fatty face. His hair was brown and combed back. Two thin lines of a meager mustache emphasized the outline of the upper lip, while the lower one hung limp and fleshy. The chin deepened into two fatty furrows. The rather heavy impertinence of the nose and the subtle irony of the eyes gave to his whole physiognomy a mocking expression which offended at first, but which was softened by the general good nature expressed in his features, particularly by the mouth, and by a certain fleeting quality of gentleness in his eyes.'

The hero of Roger Martin du Gard's novel is really a satirical portrait of its author as a young man. It is a caricature, but a rather accurate one, although the thin mustache has disappeared from his upper lip. One can see that the somewhat brutal forthrightness of his physical description does not prevent him from revealing considerable subtlety in describing his 'character.'

While Martin du Gard has fiercely defended his private life from publicity, there is little about it that is not revealed in his novels. When you know that he was born in Paris in 1881, that part of his family is rooted in Lorraine and the other in Bourbon, that he studied in the

Condorcet and de Saily Lycées before entering the *École des Chartes*, you know all that is necessary about his background. It is interesting to note, however, that the future novelist seemed to like the discipline to which students in palaeography must submit. He even wrote a very conscientious monograph about the Abbey of Jumièges. He must have found the methods of the *École des Chartes* very useful for a novelist because he used them very soon after leaving it. And chapters of *L'Été 1914* describing the month of July in Paris just before the War, and dealing particularly with the assassination of Jaurès, were based on a detailed study of the newspapers of that period.

Roger Martin du Gard is a scrupulous writer. The first volumes of *Les Thibault* had appeared in rapid succession. Then, after the sixth part, *La Mort du père*, there was a long silence. His followers grew impatient. But they were wrong in supposing that he had reached a period of sterility. During that time Martin du Gard had written a sequel under the title of *L'Appareillage*. He was not satisfied with it and destroyed the manuscript, although its publication had already been announced. Then he worked many years on *L'Été 1914* in order to give to his major work, the *Thibault* series, an ending which was worthy of it.

In 1908 Martin du Gard made his début with a book called *Devenir*. The title, with all the philosophical background it implies, could serve as a motto for everything Martin du Gard has since written. In this novel, which Roger Martin du Gard considers today a sin of his youth, he made the first sketch of a work on which he has never ceased to labor since then: a novel of human development. His favorite character, which he repeats in different forms—as André Mazerelles, Jacques Thibault or Jean Barois—is a young man who enters life with a desire to dominate and reform it and who is inevitably vanquished by it. In his early novels, his heroes fight for happiness, inspired by their faith in man's perfectibility. Then rigorous observation of human actions destroys the hope to which the novelist would like to cling. He deals, in short, with the tragedy of creative minds that are disabused of their illusions.

His important works, which have all been written since the War, have their roots in the nineteenth century, and it is from that era that he draws sustenance for his thought and art. More, perhaps, than any other novelist today, he is indebted to Naturalism. He has declared that Zola and Tolstoi were his teachers. Let us add that his naturalism—when he does not indulge in peasant-life farces, in which he is not at his best—does not merely consist of describing men and things by setting down minute details. His realism lies rather in his ability to achieve great emotional intensity in depicting human beings.

From the nineteenth century the author of *Les Thibault* has inherited many other things: an admiration for science and for the intellectual

socialism which existed in 1890, and a weakness for small, advanced political clubs where militant theoreticians indulge in interminable discussions. All these can be found in his books. *Jean Barois* is a long, passionate dialogue about the Dreyfus affair, and the finale of *Les Thibault* is a pathetic account of the crumbling of pacifist hopes with the coming of the War.

Martin du Gard's intellectual honesty often drives him to revise rather severely the ideas which his faith in man has led him to cultivate with such ardor. The idea that progress is natural to man has had to withstand, both in his mind and in those of his heroes, the most furious assaults. Of a character in one of his novels, he wrote: 'As for this faith in the man of tomorrow, he had it only in brief spells. Although his pity for the man was infinite, he remained sceptical about the man's moral possibilities.' Perhaps it is because he portrays the uncertainties of human nature faithfully that Roger Martin du Gard touches us so deeply.

GENERAL AND MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

By LANCELOT FOSTER

From the *Hibbert Journal*, London Quarterly of Philosophy and Theology

THERE never was, perhaps, a greater contrast between husband and wife than there is, outwardly, between General Chiang Kai-shek and Madame. The former is introspective, patient, tolerant, full of wisdom, ascetic and almost saintly; a Chinese without question, nurtured in the old school though adjusted to the new; the embodiment of the old tradition and yet, with those penetrating eyes, conscious of the nation's difficulties and the need for wariness and caution; slowly, relentlessly building up his defending forces, for though he is not likely to provoke quarrels, he is determined to face the enemy that would seek to destroy him with a courage derived from the conviction of the righteousness of his cause. He is a good man with a well-balanced mind, who knows all too well the terrible import of the decisions he makes at this moment of the country's crisis.

No ruler has had to contend with such tremendous internal opposition as Chiang Kai-shek has encountered. Even in the course of the last year he has had to meet a challenge from the South, from Kwangtung and from Kwangsi, which threatened to dismember the State. He had to eliminate the menace of Communism from Kiangsi, Yunnan, Kweichow and Szechwan before that. And the last great trial of all was the excessively stupid attempt of Chang Hsueh-liang, six months ago,

to break his power at Sian. He has survived these ordeals and triumphed where others would have failed because he has never faltered in his loyalty to his own lofty principles and in his belief in a strong, reconstructed China.

The material progress in the country in the last five years has been phenomenal and it is partly the emergence of a powerful modernized State which has aroused fear and the desire, on the part of Japan, to crush China. The success of Chiang Kai-shek has been the envy and despair of the enemy since the scope for exploiting China as a colony with an industrious but illiterate population will have to yield to a new conception of relationship.

It may be, however, that such difficulties as China today encounters are themselves essential to a recovery of her national consciousness and that the degree of strength and solidarity she acquires is proportionate to the effort called forth in overcoming them. The soul of the nation may even be found in war, perhaps in a protracted war, or even a war ending in defeat. It is unfortunate that it should be so, but suffering on a national scale seems to be an important ingredient in national strength.

China has never known as she knows today what national humiliation or what national suffering means. Her sorrows have been private and personal sorrows or, at most, limited to a province with no sense of being the object of concern to anyone outside that area. Now things are different. Roads, railways, airplanes, telegraph, telephone, radio and newspapers all distribute ideas from the nation's nerve center and immediately focus attention upon national interests. They may not yet be so highly organized as in other countries, but they are there to a far greater extent than foreigners imagine.

The country owes its present state of efficiency to the Generalissimo, though few, ten years ago, would have dared to prophesy his success. He has tapped every source of power to achieve his end, and though his demand has been chiefly for men of action, for practical men skilled in engineering, in applied science of all kinds, in agriculture, in aeronautics and in soldiering, he has not neglected to emphasize the need for high moral standards, and in this he has not asked from others what he is not prepared to give himself. He is serene and confident and there emanates from him the Chinese spirit of the past, and with its calm philosophic outlook he confronts the problems of the present.

He is tall and slim; his movements are, in contrast with Madame's, unhurried. Every word is measured and issues from a mind that thinks before it gives utterance. He is kindly in expression and is obviously discharging a task which is claiming every ounce of strength he possesses without hoping for or expecting any sort of reward. He may have large

sums of money at his disposal, but quite obviously he does not require them for his personal needs, which are simple in the extreme. He lives and in his life embodies the New Life Movement, which is related to Confucianism in the past and to the Christian faith which relates to the world of today.

MADAME Chiang Kai-shek represents the new dynamic force from the West, active, alert and impatient of the old crusted Conservatism which has caused Chinese life to crystallize and be conventionalized in a rudimentary form. She is buoyant and cheerful, a reservoir of energy which tends to overflow in manifold directions, but mostly into channels for social development. She may have no official position in the Government, but there is vast scope in China for active work of a social character by private individuals, and of this she takes full advantage. Her school in Nanking for the orphans of the Revolutionaries is one of her chief interests. She shares with the Generalissimo a strong desire to see the New Life Movement extend over China. She is actively interested in Christian missions and is herself a devout Christian, and this is true, also, of the Generalissimo, who reveals the sincerity of his faith in the autobiography which the couple recently published.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, as one would expect, is an ardent feminist, always anxious to advance women's interests and infuse something of the American spirit in these matters into China—not the demand for political power but the assertion of the right and privilege to stand on an equal footing with men where work and sacrifice are called for in the interests of the nation. She has brought from the United States the demand that every institution and custom justify itself by its practical results. This is not a time for vain speculations, for abstract philosophy, for reverence for old tradition, however venerable they may have been in the past. The country must go forward: there must be intelligent planning instead of haphazard individual or family effort; there must be coöperative activity in every department of social life instead of individual effort on a very narrow scale.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek brings the social oxygen, with its stimulating power, into the old, slow-moving though living body of China and she vitalizes that body. She is accused of being American rather than Chinese, but she asserts her American training so frequently because it is necessary to rouse China from her lethargy of four thousand years, to galvanize her into life, to make her worthy of her past by summoning her to face courageously her new destiny. By sacrificing her Chinese outlook she hopes to intensify the zeal for reform. To yield to the allurements of the old philosophy, she feels, would be fatal, to betray sympathy for it would be to delay the onward march. The only way to urge

China forward is to defy the past and concentrate on the future, to be more American, for the time being, than Chinese.

China needs resolute leaders—those who will make no compromise with the old traditions that have reduced the country's power to resist the invader because of want of foresight. Madame Chiang realizes that time cannot be wasted by too scrupulous a regard for the feelings of the old Chinese, for the ancient forms and customs. One must be ruthless if the nation is to be saved. That is why she is so restless in her social work—so much to do, so little time to do it. She is striving to infuse the new dynamic spirit into China and is giving off enough energy herself to exhaust the strongest. The strain and responsibility is great, but she bears her burden valiantly.

Yet one fears for China at this moment, for fundamentally the Chinese is too gentle and refined for the brutal, ruthless, cruel business of war. The Chinese has a greater capacity to endure suffering than desire to inflict it. He will endure evil rather than impose it. Doubtless he will defend but he will not attack. He is not a soldier by nature. One fears, therefore, that China may not prosecute this war with that warlike spirit that brings a speedy conclusion, though she may wear out her enemy by her infinite capacity for suffering. It is indeed difficult to believe that she will yield as she did in 1894, when only a fraction of the nation knew that a war was being fought. The whole of China is alive to the present situation and the whole world is watching. Any mistake that Japan makes will be fraught with greater consequences to her than any mistake which China may make, for China has no enemies, not even in spirit, except Japan.

China is being governed by a simple, homely, democratic people who scorn delights and live laborious days. Pomp and display are utterly alien to the Generalissimo and his wife. They and their immediate group symbolize the simple and easy intercourse characteristic of China. The Chinese understand the working of the human mind better than most people, for it is that with which they have occupied themselves. The Western world, with its attention directed to dead matter and the mastery of nature's forces, is inferior to the Chinese in this respect. Ignorance of the working of the human mind is perhaps one of the chief causes of the world's unrest. The best European minds are diverted from what, as Pope says, is the greatest of studies, namely, mankind, and thus we are left without true and proper guidance. China, fundamentally, is a civilization, a group of human beings who understand one another. The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek are worthy exponents of Chinese life and thought.

A writer gives the African native's opinion of his various masters: German, Frenchman and Englishman; and a French leader suggests an alternative to returning Germany's old colonies.

Place *in the Sun*

I. GERMANS AS MASTERS

By PATRICK BALFOUR

From *World Review*, London Monthly Topical Digest

GERMANY was the last of the European Powers to enter the colonial field. The Germans were the last, and therefore the least experienced, of the Imperialists. At the outbreak of the Great War, a considerable section of their Empire was still undeveloped. They had committed all the usual excesses and all the usual errors. The graft and brutalities of a certain type of colonist had earned universal censure, which extended to the Reichstag itself. The greater part of the Cameroons was still unpacified. The last of the native revolts in Tanganyika had only recently been crushed. Ruanda-Urundi, which is now under Belgian mandate, was still virtually unoccupied.

Other sections of German territory, however, had grown peaceful and prosperous. German settlers were prof-

itably established in the Kilimanjaro highlands of Tanganyika and the cultivation of sisal, now its principal export, was beginning in the plains. In the west, the rich plantation districts on the slopes of the Cameroon Mountain, now under British mandate, harbored a thriving and industrious community. Here Germany was beginning to learn her colonial lesson, to develop her colonial system. Here, rather than in the districts which were still in the throes of a military pacification, is it fairest to judge of the nature of that system and of the native reaction toward it.

The attitude of the African to his pre-War German masters must inevitably be difficult to gauge. It is qualified by a natural desire to please his questioner and a natural mistrust of interrogation. It is limited by his

inability to reason. The African is naturally a Conservative. He dislikes the prospect of change. He is, on the other hand, adaptable, and tends to accept the *fait accompli* of a new order without undue dislocation to his system. The younger African does not remember the pre-War régime. But the older African does.

His memory of the German, in what is now the British Cameroons, is not unfavorable. When the German planters returned to the country in 1925 they were welcomed by numbers of old Askaris who wished to work for them. At the time of my visit, a few months ago, my host was embarrassed by the abrupt departure of his principal servant who, hearing that his old German master had returned, had left without notice to rejoin him. In so far as it is possible to generalize, the older generation of Cameroon natives preferred the German régime, while the younger prefers the British or French.

He preferred it, firstly, because of its decisive methods. A certain native, questioned as to his preference, replied:—

‘The German comes. He says he wants to cut down the sacred grove of our ancestors to make a road. We protest at the desecration of our ancestors’ tombs. But the German cuts down the grove. He makes the road. And when we have the road we find it a benefit to us, to take our goods to market.

‘The Frenchman comes. He says he wants to cut down the sacred grove of our ancestors to make a road. We protest. The Frenchman cuts down the grove. But he does not make the road.’

The quotation is perhaps unfair to

the French, who in recent years have improved the Cameroons with an admirable road system. It illuminates, nevertheless, the character of the German régime. The German may have been ruthless. But at least he was consistent. You knew where you were with him because he did what he said he would do.

II

Individual Germans were brutal, but they did not typify the régime. Among the older natives there is less condemnation of German brutality than praise for German strength. The German was a disciplinarian, but on the whole he was a just one, and as such he was respected. The younger generation is subjected to no such discipline. The contract system which obliged plantation laborers to sign on for a definite period is abolished. The men are free to work or not, as they feel inclined, and with the abolition of corporal punishment there is little or no redress for dishonest or incompetent workmanship. Native families complain that whereas before the War their men returned from the plantations with a tidy sum in cash, today they return too often empty-handed. The German planter complains that the system deprives him of any permanent or responsible supply of labor. The older generation complains that the young are indolent and demoralized. They laze and misbehave with impunity. They go to school and strut about in European clothes and swell the ranks of the educated unemployed, too proud to work with their hands as their fathers worked in the German days.

The German would like to curtail this class of ‘trousered niggers,’ main-

taining that a practical rather than a clerical education would better serve the interests of a predominantly agricultural community. He would make the native work, maintaining that only thus can he learn responsibility and self-respect. He would reinstate corporal punishment, maintaining that the native is not yet sufficiently evolved to understand any other. Whatever the effects of such a policy in Nazi hands it should provide little cause for misgiving in the hands of the typical German at present farming in the Cameroons. The German need for raw materials, on the other hand, might lead to further alienation of native lands, and this is a prospect which even the older generation views with some uneasiness.

The native attitude in Tanganyika is, broadly speaking, the same. By 1914, the plantation laborer there was receiving a fair deal from the Germans and since the tax was smaller and life was cheaper he was relatively richer than he is today. When the Germans returned after the War he returned willingly to work for them.

The situation here, however, is complicated by two factors. The first is the development, under the British, of native as opposed to European cultivation, designed to assist the economic independence of the African. The second is the introduction by the British of indirect or native rule.

The first policy would doubtless be continued by the Germans. Certain tribes have always been and would always remain too independent to work on European plantations, and their economic value can best be developed by native cultivation. Cotton can never be a European crop,

sisal can never be a native crop, and there is room for both. The only competitive bone of contention is coffee, and the recent riots have raised the question as to whether its cultivation can yet be regarded as a wholly economic proposition for the native.

The system of indirect rule, on the other hand, tends to divide native opinion into two camps. In the first are the chiefs, who foresee the loss of their authority in the event of its abolition, and the educated native, employed in the native administrations, Government offices and business houses, who fears from a more reactionary German policy a decline in his new-found social standing. Indirect rule is apt to create a class distinction between native rulers and ruled, with the rulers on the side of the mandate and the ruled inclining to the more classless system which prevailed under the Germans. The bush native, whose educational opportunities are small, is apt to be relegated to the mercies of his chiefs and to feel himself neglected by the Government. In the event of an unprejudiced plebiscite he would tend to vote for German rule.

In either camp the Tanganyika native is apt to be perplexed by the advanced and enlightened system of government which prevails under the mandate, and particularly by its system of justice.

'Before the War,' he says, 'if I did wrong, my German master beat me, and that was that. Today if I do wrong there is long palaver in the courts, and perhaps I go to prison or perhaps I am not punished at all, which I do not understand. It was better before. My German master was stronger than my British master.'

The African is still a child, who is more at ease under a stern than under an indulgent parent. He is insufficiently evolved to rate altruism at its proper worth and is apt to mistake it for weakness. Germany, if she returned to Africa, would put back his clock. Geneva's policy is to put it forward.

The tendency of each is to jump the hands too far. If a reliable census of native opinion were possible, which it is not, it would indicate the desirability of a compromise. It does the growing child no more service to treat him as though he were already at man's estate than to treat him as though he were still in the cradle.

II. A SUBSTITUTE FOR COLONIES

By PAUL ELBEL

Translated from *Œuvre*, Paris Radical Socialist Daily

CHANCELLOR Hitler's arguments for the return of the colonies Germany possessed before the War have narrowed down considerably during the last few months: he now claims those colonies because Germany needs them and because Germany has a right to them. These arguments, to which many normally fair-minded men refuse even to listen, ought, in my opinion, to be carefully studied.

It took us twenty years to admit that Germany ought not to be made to suffer the consequences of her defeat forever. We should now find it easier to concede that she has economic needs just like any other nation, needs which must be considered in the interests of Europe itself. And if, after an examination of her claims, the restoration of Togo and the Cameroons seems to be a measure that will insure peace, it would be a crime for us to refuse to consider it.

I believe, however, that any project to redistribute the mandates is hedged in with grave difficulties. One of the most significant is the fact that French public opinion, while not always well-

informed, is vigilant and clings stubbornly to its traditional beliefs and prejudices. Nor, since France enjoys a democratic government, can that public opinion be quickly changed by means of intensive propaganda or any other form of pressure. Let us have no illusions on this point. The very idea of granting colonial concessions is repugnant to the immense majority of the French people. Many feel that, on principle, we should not give the slightest satisfaction to a Fascist régime. At any rate, both Nationalists and anti-Fascists agree—and this is one of the rare points on which they do agree—on opposing Germany's colonial claims.

Are they wrong? I am quite ready to admit that they are. But I cannot imagine that they will change their point of view very soon. I, for one, would prefer to arrive at an immediate solution. I might recall the notable example of Agadir. What difficulties M. Caillaux encountered in bringing about the concession of a part of the Congo to Germany! That was territory upon which we had set our hearts and not merely territory entrusted to

France's keeping after four years of war by a mandate of the League of Nations. The concessions we then made preserved peace, at least for a time. Perhaps we can expect the same good results from the sacrifice which is asked of us today. It may be so, but I believe that in France's present state of mind, no government, however popular it may be, can reconcile the nation to the return of Germany's colonies.

It is also my belief that any measure of this kind, besides being unpopular, would also be useless. One of the arguments of those people who advocate the restoration of Togo and the Cameroons is this: 'These territories are not very important to France's economic system. France will not make a very great sacrifice in parting with them.' I must point out that this is a double-edged argument, for if it is true that we would not lose much by giving them away, it is also true that the Germans would not gain much by getting them. Germany cannot solve her economic problem merely by laying in a supply of rubber. Her disappointment would immediately take the form of new demands. Our sacrifice will have been in vain.

There are other factors, which are not quite as obvious, but which are nevertheless important. After all, we do not actually possess the territories in question, as we do Algeria and Indo-China. They have been entrusted to us by the League of Nations. Have we the right to dispose of them? Would it be fulfilling our mission to put them under the jurisdiction of the Hitlerian Government together with the people who occupy the territory and whom we are pledged to protect? It seems to me that their surrender in-

volves a moral responsibility that we cannot undertake alone.

It is quite evident that the colonial question cannot be settled through bilateral negotiations between France and Germany. The interests of all the European nations are too closely related for a question of this scope to be solved except on an international basis. Each nation—those who have colonies and those who desire them—would want to have its say and it would be entitled to do so.

All kinds of reasons—psychological, moral, political and strategic—lead to the conclusion that it will be very difficult to satisfy Germany's colonial claims. Yet a negative response, with these reasons behind it, should not be resented as though we made a rude, *a priori* refusal. France may remind Germany, at the same time, that she is ready to seek other routes to conciliation and rapprochement. She can show her desire to consider the possibility of redistributing raw materials rather than colonial mandates. For the problem of raw materials is the most important of those which must be considered by statesmen who sincerely wish to insure the peace of Europe.

II

Raw materials are as necessary to the life of a modern nation as air is to an individual. An industrial country which does not produce the raw materials it needs and has not the means of acquiring them is a dead country. So, when Germany complains of being deprived of the means necessary to her livelihood—that she lacks oils, fibers, meats, etc.—it is impossible to ignore her complaint. If it is true, as she states, that she is still being made to

suffer the consequences of her defeat, that she is being treated like a conquered nation in international economic relations, then the feverish anxiety reflected in her domestic and foreign policy is justified, or at least understandable. Yet there are some who still say that it is better to let Germany go on half-rations, in the belief that it will destroy her will toward aggression.

Here is a dangerous illusion! For it is just when a nation is at the end of its rope that it finds the energy to attempt a desperate course. Poverty is never a good counsellor. It engenders desperate moods and actions. Let us, on the contrary, hope that Germany will never come to the point where she sees war as her only possible course. In the interests of the community of nations and in the superior interests of peace Germany must be given easy access to the raw materials she needs. And about this there must be no more procrastination.

Is it possible to do so without injuring the economic position of other nations? In my opinion, it is, provided we face all the problems honestly, and that we realize from the first that in order to succeed we must embark upon an entirely new economic policy.

This great problem of raw materials is really threefold: easy access to raw materials, the marketing of goods manufactured therefrom and the financing of both these operations. The first two problems arise from the supposition that there is a scarcity of raw materials and a scarcity of markets.

I do not agree with this. Everyone knows that vast quantities of the world's products are destroyed in

order to maintain price levels. This indicates over- rather than under-production. And production in most commodities can easily be increased if the world wishes it. Yet great poverty continues to exist in almost all countries. Can one say then that there are not enough raw materials, when so many products are burned, thrown into the sea or ploughed under every year? Can one say that there are too few markets to permit Germany to use them like other nations, when so many millions throughout the world are starving and ill-clothed, and ask nothing better than a chance to become consumers?

III

A rational distribution of consumption must be the fundamental condition of any reorientation of international economy. Can we set about this immediately? Why not? Already in France and in the Anglo-Saxon democracies many voices have been raised in favor of this new policy. In an address at Lyons on January 24, 1937, M. Léon Blum discussed the large place which the manufacture of arms and munitions takes in the output of the industrial nations. He then asserted that 'Perhaps it is no longer possible to envisage any disarmament convention which will not have as a corollary an international economic convention providing substitute markets for this enterprise and its labor.'

If M. Léon Blum's proposition were put into practice, Germany would get raw materials, markets and financial assistance in return for accepting a convention calling for the reduction of armaments. She would then be able to

employ millions of workers, without incurring any new costs, for more humane and fruitful purposes.

M. Léon Blum, and others, have merely indicated the direction in which real progress toward a settlement with Germany can be made. A redistribution of raw materials and markets is feasible under certain conditions. It would require a more rational conception of economic life than our present one, one which would permit men to put a better value on production. It would be accompanied by a convention for the reduction of armaments.

There still remains a considerable difficulty, for Chancellor Hitler declares that Germany lacks money. This is really the greatest of Germany's problems. All attempts to aid German economy will be futile unless, first of all, they solve this financial problem. But, since even the wealthiest nations have trouble in balancing their budgets, a great loan to Germany cannot be seriously considered; nor can she be provided, unconditionally, on the sole guarantee of her willingness to coöperate, with the funds she needs. I think, however, that a solution will be possible if only we are bold enough to attempt it.

Five years ago at Stresa, the delegates of the nations of Europe, under the presidency of M. Bonnet, drew up a program of recovery for Danubian

and Balkan Europe—a program which included one significant clause: the States with stable currencies were to support the Balkan currencies by depositing in the International Bank at Basel their check for 4 billion francs in the form of a bond signed by the Governors of Europe's Central Banks. With a minimum of effort, since the bond was shared by several rich countries, they got considerable results. In this most troubled region of Europe they were able to achieve monetary stability, remove exchange controls and liberate trade.

I believe it possible in a similar way to finance the new needs of Germany today. A simple guarantee submitted by a group of other nations, without their having to export any capital even temporarily, would permit Germany to take the first steps toward regaining her rightful place in the economic life of the world. Of course, measures of such seriousness presuppose new efforts towards international coöperation. They should be introduced, if not by a European conference, which present difficulties do not permit us to envisage, at least by conversations among the representatives of various nations. In my opinion, it would be to France's honor to take the initiative in these efforts, by which nobody stands to lose but through which the cause of peace may gain immeasurably.

THAT FASCIST FROWN

The Duce's orders have been carried out. Once more the Blackshirts wore, as always, the same warlike expression which was shaped for them by your will. . . .

—Telegram from General Terruzzi to Premier Mussolini after the fall of Santander

A special investigator searches for realities behind the censor's veil.

Poland, Land of Whispers

By A. L. EASTERMAN

From the *Daily Herald*
London Labor Daily

MY PURPOSE in coming to Poland four weeks ago was to try to find the truth behind the persistent reports reaching London of terrorism and internal revolt, and of fears of a Fascist coup which would affect the European balance of power.

I found an atmosphere tense with anxiety and fear. Since then there has been some temporary easing of the tension, but men of the democratic parties still speak of politics in whispers and only behind closed doors. They are, they tell me, being followed and spied upon; they move about Warsaw secretly, in fear of their lives. Leaders opposed to the present Government, which is Fascist in all but name, ventured to discuss conditions with me only under the closest secrecy, behind closed and locked doors. Not one dared to meet me in a public place; interviews took place only in the privacy of my hotel bedroom, which came to resemble a conspirators' den.

Before entering, men anxiously

scrutinized the corridor outside; inside, they spoke in low tones in case they might be heard in adjacent rooms. I was urged to speak cautiously and vaguely on the telephone: 'You never can tell who is listening.' I was asked not to write down their names for fear my notes might 'fall into the wrong hands.'

One of the most prominent democratic leaders told me gravely and deliberately: 'We do not know what tomorrow will bring. No one in opposition is sure when he goes to bed tonight that he will be alive tomorrow morning.' On all sides I heard spoken forebodings of an impending 'St. Bartholomew's night' and the imminent certainty of a 'purge' on the lines of Hitler's notorious June 30 in Germany. Thirty million Poles wait for a few men to decide whether to take a political plunge and openly launch a full-blooded Fascist State, or alternatively to increase their power by measures forced through an already semi-Fascist Government disguised as de-

mocracy. At the moment the odds appear to be in favor of a plunge into Fascism, which would turn Poland into a totalitarian State on the Nazi model. The decision is for the present postponed, but few Poles have any doubt that it is inevitable and not far distant.

I found Poland, as it is today, politically in chaos; economically, one vast distressed area; and nationally, grim with revolt and discontent. The Government, headed by the weak and pliable Marshal Smigly-Rydz, self-styled 'Leader of the People,' and Premier Skladkowski, is torn with dissension, a discredited rump without a shadow of popular support. It is dominated by a ruthless group of avowed Fascists, the real rulers of the country.

Both Marshal and Premier have already been driven into their hands and I found 'Parliament' (the Sejm) a subservient body without power and as good as dead. During the past eight months it has met only three times, once for fourteen days, once for a week, and last time for fourteen days.

Rule in Poland is by Government edict, issued in contemptuous disregard of Parliamentary authority, and designed to hold people and State in a truly Fascist grip. In the Government are certain liberal elements which have been steadily and firmly pushed aside and are virtually in opposition.

Under the Government-by-edict I find that democratic liberty in Poland has virtually disappeared. Freedom of assembly, freedom of speech and freedom of the press have been abolished. Effective trade unionism is prohibited. Opposition newspapers are suppressed with alarming frequency for publishing news and opinions hostile to the Government. Newspaper offices have

been closed on the flimsiest pretext. A few days after my arrival one Socialist newspaper was closed by the Government on the ground that Government surveyors had suddenly discovered a technical fault in the building.

Newspapers regularly appear with blank spaces over an editorial note: 'We have been unable to print (such and such an article) owing to unexpected circumstances.'

Raids on opposition party offices have become a commonplace; documents are seized and confiscated. There have, moreover, been physical assault and outrage on democratic organizations by reactionary elements in league with the Government. On September 20 a bomb was thrown at a workers' youth demonstration in Warsaw; twenty people were injured. Later an incendiary bomb was hurled into the offices of the Bund, the Jewish Socialist Party, and shots were fired, wounding four people. The same day a bomb was thrown into a Jewish newspaper office.

These outrages were the work of members of O.Z.N., the Fascist group in the Government—the 'Camp of National Unity,' as it is called. There were no arrests and no one was punished, although, I was informed, the police knew in advance of the impending assaults and were well aware of the identity of their perpetrators.

II

Symptomatic of the conditions in Poland was the recent strike of 60,000 teachers of the State elementary schools, who attempted to form a union. The Government ruthlessly dissolved the teachers' executive and appointed a school dictator with abso-

lute control over schools, school books and teachers' periodicals. Not one word of this was allowed to appear in the Polish Press, and to this day Poland knows only by word of mouth of the teachers' revolt.

Even graver is the mass suppression and persecution of the peasants, numbering 76 per cent of the population, and of the 'National Minorities,' numbering 40 per cent of the Polish people. The Polish Government is afraid of next March. Famine is anticipated then for an already hungry and angry peasantry, the backbone of the country. Famine may set alight a country-wide blaze of revolt which is not only smoldering now, but has already partially burst into flames. Official data supplied to the League of Nations recently admit that 6,000,000 are starving.

The peasant population is growing while its landholdings are steadily shrinking. Though the peasants form the largest single political party in the State, they have no direct representation in the dummy Parliament in Warsaw. Their leaders, notably M. Witos, an ex-Premier of Poland, are in exile.

They have already shown that they are in the proper mood for revolt, if not revolution. To this day Poland knows little or nothing of the peasant uprising which broke out last August. In Middle and Western Galicia, one of the most densely populated agricultural areas of Poland, the peasants rose in armed revolt under the declaration of a general strike. The date chosen was the anniversary of the Polish victory in the war with Russia, in which they took a leading part.

They took over armed control of whole districts. Peasant militia block-

aded the roads and held up supplies of food products. Work in the fields was stopped. Entrance to and exit from the blockaded areas was permitted only by authority of the strike leaders.

The Government, unable to rely on local forces, rushed troops from other areas. Fierce fighting followed. Official figures gave the number of killed as 43, but my information from reliable unofficial sources is that 172 peasants and 20 soldiers were killed, and hundreds wounded. A period of stern repression, which the Government called 'pacification,' followed. There were hundreds of arrests and many peasants' houses were destroyed by soldiers and police as punishment. The Galician peasants retired to their penury, defeated but sullen with determination to renew on a national basis their struggle for political liberty and the means of existence.

Not even Ireland in her worst days could show conditions so terrible as those in which the Polish peasants exist today. In villages in White Russian Poland, and generally throughout the country, men, women and children are meagerly clothed in sacking and wear shoes made of straw. There is no bread; the staple diet is vegetable scraps, mainly potatoes. Meat is eaten only twice a year—at Easter and Christmas. When matches are available, each one is split into four for economy. Houses are of lime, straw and rough planking, crudely put together, ramshackle from years of disrepair.

The average earnings of a Polish peasant are a few cents a day; a zloty, 18 cents, a day is considered ideal.

The Polish peasants are now organizing for political and economic defense. They are seeking alliance with the Socialist and Liberal groups to

resist the impending encroachments of Fascism in the Government. Should Fascism, the ally of the great landowner, come to Poland, the Polish peasant knows that he is lost. For the peasants, therefore, the prospects are black; but they can organize for resistance, and they have hope.

Even blacker are the prospects of Poland's 3½ million Jews, 10 per cent of the population, who, for two and a half years, have been living under physical terror and are threatened with mass expulsion from Poland. They cannot organize for defense and even hope seems denied to them.

There are 1,000,000 unemployed among the Polish workmen, the poorest paid in Europe. The intellectual groups, mainly liberal in opinion, are chafing under the suppression of liberties and the Government's steady drive towards Fascist methods.

The great mass of the Polish people is in the mood for revolt, but it is unorganized and slow to action. These are the precise conditions which the reactionary elements in Poland consider ripe for a Fascist coup. They merely await the moment and the man.

The leaders of this movement make no bones about their intentions. They plan to turn Poland into a totalitarian State on Hitler's model, with the full Nazi program 'adjusted to suit Polish conditions.' They plan to take over the Government, abolish Parliament, dissolve all democratic institutions, 'purify' the press and destroy Polish Jewry by mass expulsion and race outlawry.

The leader, or *Wodz*, the Polish equivalent of the Nazi *Führer* or the Italian *Duce*, has not yet been found, for there is internal competition for

the task of leading the Polish Fascists into action. But there is already a Goebbels of Poland, Colonel Koc, a middle-aged soldier-politician, without special political qualifications, but with a vast capacity for intrigue. Behind him in the near background is a more sinister political conspirator, Colonel Miedzinski, a personal and political friend of Colonel Beck, the present Foreign Minister and arch-apostle of close Polish association with Nazi Germany. Miedzinski was until recently one of the chiefs of the Polish Military Secret Service.

Koc and Miedzinski, both openly declared adherents of Fascism, have adopted Hitler's full program and are at present, I was repeatedly told, the real rulers of Poland. Marshal Smigly-Rydz, who has declared his acceptance of their political ideas, told a conference of the late Marshal Pilsudski's Legionnaires some time ago: 'Koc has made mistakes, I admit, but I stand firmly with him. He is my man.'

The Polish Army, ridden with political generals, is regarded as safe for the Fascists. The bureaucracy will fall into line, and the militarized police force is already in Fascist hands.

These are the elements on which the Fascists will rely when they consider the time ripe for their coup.

I have discussed Poland's immediate future with men of all parties and with men who are high in the Government. The latter cautiously tell me that the Polish people are temperamentally unsuited for Fascist rule on any model. But all others are agreed that Fascism is coming, perhaps under a peculiarly native Polish form, but that it is coming all the same, and with it a grim internal struggle and grave external dangers.

Nippon's 'mission' is discussed by a former member of the League Council, and a British journalist writes of an important obstacle to its fulfillment.

Destiny in Asia

I. SPEAKING FOR NIPPON

By YOSUKE MATSUOKA

From *Manchuria*, Dairen English-Language Semi-Monthly

AT LAST Nippon is in for the final, for a knock-out decision; a once-for-all house-cleaning of all tortuous tangles in the Sino-Nippon relations which have been plaguing the East for ages. In 1904, she staked her national existence in a fight against Russia. But that was to beat back a nightmare avalanche from without—an affair around outer fences. This time she is dealing with a festering sore deep down within the bosom of Eastern Asia—one that threatens her as well as all other Asian races with sure and inescapable death. It is calling for heroic surgery; she has taken up her scalpel. She will permit no foreign interference whatsoever here. Plainly, therefore, the present crisis is infinitely bigger and more significant than the Russian war of thirty-three years ago.

One thing is clear even to a donkey running along an Asian highway: a

constant and hearty coöperation between the peoples of Nippon and of China—that and that alone—can work out the destiny of Asia. Nobody knows this better than Nippon and she knows also that the two things poisoning the atmosphere between the two peoples are the drunken orgy of China's own war lords and politicians, and the Red Communism eating into the heart of China from without. Nippon is out today to put a potter's field wooden cross over these common enemies of the Chinese people and of the lasting peace of Eastern Asia.

Nippon has no quarrel whatever with the people of China. Our treatment of the Chinese who are living in Nippon today is the most convincing comment on this point. In Hokkaido, Northern Nippon, a Chinese committed suicide rather than be compelled to return to his own native home a little over a month ago. The

Chinese in Nippon were happy and well protected, enjoying all the freedom of a Nippon citizen even while the infamous Tungchow massacre was all over the front pages of our newspapers.

A historic fact dominates Asian scenes like a Fuji, namely: without Nippon there can be no China. Suppose Nippon had chosen to play safe and crawled into her shell on her own tight little island in the fall of 1904? Suppose again that Nippon had gone down before the tidal-wave sweep of Russian adventure for her own Far Eastern Empire on the plains of Manchuria in the spring of 1905?

There would have been no Manchuria, for which the Chinese patriots froth at the mouth and the League of Nations denounces Nippon as an international robber. And in place of the proud Republic of China one would have had seen a crazy quilt of European colonies after the fond fancies of the author of the *Break-Up of China*.

No Nippon—no China. For some mystic reason our Chinese friends in Nanking find it convenient to forget this little fact.

II

We are ready to admit that Nippon has been exceedingly annoying to her neighbor China. Nippon is expanding. And what country in its expansion era has ever failed to be trying to its neighbors? Ask the American Indian or the Mexican how excruciatingly trying the young United States used to be once upon a time. But Nippon's expansion, like that of the United States, is as natural as the growth of a child. Only one thing stops a child from growing: death.

Geneva has been trying to pass this death sentence on Nippon since the Manchurian incident, masking it with tinsel phrases of pious hypocrisy. But Nippon does not seem amiable enough to die even for the sweet sake of a Geneva-made peace.

China and Nippon are two brothers who have inherited a great mansion called Eastern Asia. Adversity sent them both down to the depth of poverty. The ne'er-do-well elder brother turned a dope fiend and a rogue, but the younger, lean, but rugged and ambitious, ever dreamed of bringing back past glories to the old House. He sold newspapers at a street corner and worked hard to support the House. The elder flimflammed the younger out of his meager savings and sold him out to their common enemy. The younger in a towering rage beat up the elder—trying to beat into him some sense of shame and awaken some pride in the noble traditions of the great House. After many scraps, the younger finally made up his mind to stage a show-down fight. And that is the fight which Nippon is now waging along the North China and Shanghai fronts.

'Nippon is fighting for loot and profit!' That is the refrain of all anti-Nippon propaganda the world over. It is an insult to plain arithmetic. Nippon has already spent billions of yen in the present crisis. The Imperial Diet only a short time ago voted more than two billion yen just to tide over a few months. The final total may reach fifty billions or more. Who knows? Can a financial optimist anywhere conceive of Nippon's getting back even two or three billion yen a year from China? And that amount would be a meager annual interest

charge on Nippon's outlay for this present crisis. Absurd even to a primary school arithmetic class, all this fight-for-loot theory.

For what, then, is Nippon fighting?

She is fighting simply for her conception of her mission in Asia. There is the whole answer. She is fighting to keep Asia from becoming another Africa and, in particular, at the present moment, to save China from the death-grip of Comintern. Just that.

Billions of yen, thousands of her

young men's lives—all are offerings on the altar of her own conviction and aspirations. She is simply footing the bill which the leadership of Asian races calls for. No treasure trove is in her eyes—only sacrifice upon sacrifice. No one realizes this more than she does. But her very life depends on it, and so does that of her neighbors as well.

The all-absorbing question before Nippon today is, therefore: CAN SHE BEAR THE CROSS?

II. BAIKAL—KEY TO ASIA

By HARRISON BROWN

From the *News Chronicle*, London Liberal Daily

ON THE map it is a curved white streak like a leaping fish. From the air it looks like vodka in a dark-rimmed mug. But around its shores one thinks of Switzerland before the time of villas. Such is Lake Baikal, strategic center for two great nations and a possible cradle of a future war.

This great expanse of water in Eastern Siberia is one of the strangest lakes in the world. It runs from north to southwest for nearly 400 miles, but in width it varies only between 20 and 45 miles, so that the opposite shore is always visible.

It is surrounded by cliffs and mountains from the slopes of which nearly three hundred torrents pour in their waters. In Lake Baikal itself the water is clear as glass and always icy cold. In places it is almost a mile deep.

Though known to few Europeans, Baikal has been for centuries a source of legend and folksong to the native Buryats. They tell of the fierce storms, said to be among the worst in the

world, which sweep down the mountain valleys and lash the lake into a seething cauldron. Many stories are told, too, of old fights with the Cosacks. It is a weird land of camp fires and of horsemen as wild as their half-tamed beasts. There are tales of magic, too, for even today the rattle of the sorcerer's tambourine can be heard among the nomads a few miles away.

Baikal lies in Buryat Mongolia, one of the two yellow Republics of Siberia. To the South lies Outer Mongolia, protégé of the U.S.S.R., the capital of which, Ulan Bator, is connected by road and air transport with Ulan Ude, capital of the Buryat. In 1924 the Soviets assisted at the birth of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic and the influence of Moscow has been predominant there. Since that time Outer Mongolia has been virtually a closed land to the outside world.

There is no reason, however, to doubt the reports that the revolution

has now become complete. The age-long sway of the lamas and feudal lords has been overthrown, collectivism has been established, the nomads are being educated and the youth, as everywhere in the Soviet Union itself, is being made safe for Communism.

In this part of the world history and geography are both in the making. To understand why Baikal is a potential storm center we must look eastward.

On the East, Outer Mongolia borders upon Japan's puppet State of Manchukuo, and upon Inner Mongolia. The Trans-Siberian railway, which skirts Lake Baikal, continues through the Buryat Republic and then for a thousand miles runs close to Japanese territory, at some points only a few miles distant. But it does not run in a straight line. At Khabarovsk, the headquarters of the Far Eastern Red Army, the line turns southward down Russia's Maritime Province to Vladivostok. And Vladivostok is only a few hours by air from Japan's great industrial centers.

II

It is like a chess game. Manchukuo and Mongolia are pawns in that game. To the Japanese the Baikal area is Russia's Queen. If she could take that piece, the game in the Far East might be nearly won. The vast wealth of Siberia would be hers and, above all, Russia would be forced to relinquish the Maritime Province, which Japan considers as an ever-present threat to her security.

Belief that this can be done, at least by those in the field, is then the cause both of the border incidents which periodically get into the headlines,

and of Japan's efforts to shake the new régime in Outer Mongolia by stirring up the dispossessed lamas.

There is no doubt that Japan has her agents among these people. She has, indeed, confessed to harboring a scheme for an 'independent' Mongolia which should unite the 2,000,000 Mongols living in Manchukuo, the 1,500,000 Mongols of Inner Mongolia, the 750,000 of Outer Mongolia and the 500,000 in the Buryat, who are at present Russian citizens.

Japan has even promised the feudal lords of Inner Mongolia the whole Province of Hsingan if they will further this scheme. The stakes in this mighty chess game are enormous and are not all political. Siberia, as a whole, is the richest region in the world still largely unexploited. In area it is larger than all Europe together and, if much of it is uninhabitable, the resources of other parts are incalculable. Apart from its inexhaustible fisheries and timber, it has coal and minerals in profusion, cattle and grain lands by the million acres.

Outer Mongolia, which Russia must continue to control if she is to hold her Eastern Empire, is also not negligible economically. It is chiefly cattle country and gives Russia exclusive access to its hides and wool, the latter of which in particular she needs. It is also Russia's fourth most important foreign market.

Lake Baikal stretches almost to the Lena River and its gold fields, with all the great industrial and power developments which are taking place there.

The strategic importance of Outer Mongolia, however, is the dominant factor. To the Japanese, Outer Mongolia is the key to Baikal and the

cutting of communication between Moscow and the Far East. To the Russians, Outer Mongolia is the corridor to China and the still unexploited parts of Asia.

Nothing is certain, but the sands appear to be running out from the Japanese hour-glass. Time favors the Russians. To begin with, the Far Eastern District is rapidly becoming impregnable from the military viewpoint. No longer is it an army 6,000 miles from its base which could be cut off and starved out.

The many new settlements have created bases throughout its area. There are now both food and industrial plants to utilize the local minerals. Time, too, favors the Soviets in the shape of youth. The young generation is the favored class in the Soviet Union and every year sees more enthusiasts for the régime.

Finally, to make assurance doubly sure, a new railway line is being pushed forward which does not skirt this ticklish frontier. From Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei River it runs through the taiga north of Lake Bai-

kal to Komsomolsk, where it joins the line up the Amur Valley from Khabarovsk. Characteristically enough Komsomolsk is a town being built entirely by young people and, as its name indicates, it is called after the Communist Youth Organization.

The young Japanese officers in the field see only across the border. The plums are fat and ripe and their confidence is great. Border 'incidents' result. But Moscow will not fight over incidents, not even when they assume the character of a small invasion such as that of last March.

Only if Outer Mongolia is attacked will Russia fight, as Stalin announced six months ago. Since then a mutual assistance Pact between the two countries has been made public.

So now they know in Tokyo. There can be no stealthy approach to Baikal by maneuver. Its price must be a long and costly war and that, it becomes increasingly certain, Japan will not venture upon alone. From a pawn Outer Mongolia has become a chief piece on the board and effectively protects Baikal, Russia's Queen.

CIVILIANS EXCLUDED

It is no use blinking the fact that in the next war there will be no non-combatants. We have developed war past the point where it can be controlled by rules. How on earth is it possible to regard the dum-dum as an atrocity while high explosives scatter men's bowels about them? Why is a nick or two along a bayonet's edge brutal, but a hand-grenade lawful, and why—above all—is it so dreadful to attack the wounded? There is every excuse for refusing to permit the enemy to pick up his wounded when the only purpose is to patch them up as quickly as possible and return them to the firing line. Then, what is there about gas which makes sixteen-inch shells preferable? But the conduct of war is not a matter which lends itself to logic.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

An account of drug running in the desert by the former Governor of Sinai.

Hashish Smuggling *in* Egypt

By C. S. JARVIS

From the *Cornhill Magazine*
London Literary Monthly

EVERY nomad Arab of the Egyptian deserts is a potential smuggler of hashish and most of them possess exceedingly fast-trotting *nagas*, or she-camels, that can outstrip the Government animals; and it goes without saying that every member of the tribes is lock, stock and barrel with the contrabandists and not particularly helpful to the police. The commodity is light and easily transported, and a ten-pound load is all the Arab need carry to make a handsome profit.

The hashish which the inhabitants of the Nile Valley use is a product of hemp, and when manufactured provides a narcotic that, smoked in a pipe or drunk mixed with coffee, has both a stimulating and soporific effect. That is to say, the consumer experiences a feeling of well-being and all his cares and fatigue slip away, while the world for the time being seems a much brighter and more satisfactory place in which to live. The following morning there is, of course, the resulting 'hangover,' and the hashish head is of

a very much fatter and more painful variety than that provided by whisky or champagne, or even a mixture of the two.

Hashish in moderation did very little permanent harm, but heavy smokers became affected in time, the drug causing dullness and in extreme cases insanity, and so the Egyptian Government prohibited its import and use. One of the results was that in the years immediately after the War the 'white drugs,' cocaine, heroin, etc., were introduced into the country and immediately became most popular, so that an alarming proportion of the population became addicts. Every available device was employed by the smugglers, from the simple method of dropping a package from a ship's side into a waiting boat, to concealing the drug in ordinary merchandise and passing it through Customs. A particularly disgraceful episode was the arrest of a senior Consular official of a Great Power attempting to land at Alexandria with a despatch-case, nor-

mally immune from Customs inspection, which was found to be filled not with State papers but with packages of drugs.

The trade was finally stopped or reduced to quite reasonable proportions by the Commandant of the Cairo Police who, being charged with the task of dealing with the situation, did what no man had ever done before—he got up on his feet at Geneva and told the League of Nations the stark and lamentable truth. He said very plainly that certain countries, not addicted to white drugs themselves, were producing enormous quantities of heroin and cocaine and shipping them to smaller States regardless of the fact that they were utterly ruining the people of those States. He not only named those countries responsible, but he produced documentary and irrefutable evidence. It was all very painful and regrettable, for this Police Officer did not understand the correct technique to be observed at Geneva, where the rule is that the truth shall be so discreetly veiled and distorted that no one can recognize it. He was, however, quite unrepentant and irrecconcilable, and finally the delegates concerned at the League took such steps that further deplorable episodes were unnecessary, and the white drug traffic to all intents and purposes ceased.

II

There remained, however, the smuggling of hashish, and attempts to stop this are very much like amateurish efforts at damming a stream with earth—immediately one has stopped up one weak spot, the water breaks through in another place. It is quite impossible for Egypt with her lengthy

frontiers to maintain an entirely effective system of patrols on every length of coast or mile of desert where hashish might be run, and so there is a constant game of chess between the contrabandists and anti-contrabandists, the smugglers moving their knights and pawns to any open spaces on the Government's chess-board of defense, and the Police and Coast guards countering the moves by redistributing of their pieces.

When hashish is carried by sea it is usually placed in waterproof or rubber bags and each parcel is made fast to a small sack of salt. The reason for this is that if the boat carrying the drug should be chased by a coast guard cruiser or launch, the cargo is dropped overboard. The weight of the bag of salt will cause it to sink at once, but in two days' time, when the salt has dissolved in the water, the bags will rise to the surface again, to be picked up by the smugglers or their friends.

The most exciting smuggling episodes, however, occur in Sinai, where the contrabandists have to run the drug by camel across a hundred and fifty miles of desert, most of which is broken gravel and limestone plateau with thirty miles of sand dunes immediately bordering on the Suez Canal. The drug comes from Syria and is transported to Southern Palestine either by boat, motor-car or on camels or donkeys. The Palestinians as a race are not addicted to hashish and therefore the trade does not concern Palestine to any great extent. As the Egyptian Government is too shortsighted to pay the same rewards to the Palestine Police as it does to its own forces, there is really no reason why the authorities should exert

themselves very much over a contraband trade that does not actively harm their own country.

The organization concerned with hashish smuggling consists of three parties: the Big Men, or 'Drug Barons,' who provide the funds and reap most of the profits; the middlemen who organize the runs and engage the Arabs; and the ordinary Arab camel-men. The only people likely to be caught are the Arab smugglers, who may possibly be able to identify the middlemen later but who know nothing of the big financial powers at the head of affairs.

Some ten years ago the smugglers were in the habit of running the hashish across Sinai with armed parties of from ten to fifteen men. If a police patrol was met, it seldom consisted of more than three privates with a corporal in charge, and so eight smugglers would remain behind and keep up a sustained fire with rifles on the patrol while the remainder of the party hurried on toward the Canal, where the drug was buried till arrangements could be made to swim it across. One could hardly expect four men perched on camels and moving at a jog-trot across the open to advance very energetically through a hail of bullets fired at them by marksmen hiding behind rocks. The police were paid only £2 10s. a month and the reward for the capture of hashish was a miserable four shillings a kilo, the real value of which was in the neighborhood of £25.

III

Then the police force was reorganized and the majority of the men in the Peninsula were stationed so that when the alarm was rung up on the

telephone upward of eighty men could converge on the smugglers. The latter's secret service must have been at fault, or long immunity from serious attack had made them contemptuous of the police, for a run of sixteen camels with ten men started out from the Palestine frontier shortly after the new dispositions had been completed.

If the smugglers' contempt of the new grouping of the police was justified, their omission to acquaint themselves with another and more human factor affecting the *élan* of the anti-contrabandist forces showed a very surprising ignorance of human nature on their part. There happened to be several vacancies for non-commissioned officers and word went out that in making promotions the zeal shown in action against the smugglers would be taken into consideration. Moreover, the reward for hashish had been trebled and there was, in addition, a special grant of £10 for every man captured and £5 for his camel. This put an entirely different complexion on affairs and a policeman felt fully entitled to risk his life for three stripes and some £20 in cash.

The smugglers, all unconscious of the change in the situation, were met by a small patrol some twenty miles north of Kosseima and received the shock of their lives when four men charged their firing-line on racing camels, capturing two of their party and three heavily laden camels after a hand-to-hand fight. The remainder made off posthaste to the broken country north of Hellal Mountain, but word had gone forth by telephone that smugglers were on the move and their way to the Canal was barred. Wherever they emerged from the cover of the mountain gorges they saw

moving in the low desert either the black head-ropes and white shawls of the police or the khaki turbans of the Camel Corps, and the Camel Corps were Sudanese—not a match for the Arabs in brain or cunning, perhaps, but very redoubtable fighters armed with rifle and, unlike the police, with the bayonet, showing always a most regrettable desire to get to close quarters and use that bayonet.

All the members of this party of Arabs, with their load of hashish, were captured and brought into El Arish, where they were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, manslaughter figuring on the charges as well as smuggling, and this put an effective end to all attempts to get hashish across Sinai by force of arms.

For some time after this the Sinai desert was singularly free from hashish running. It was partly due to the fact that Royalty was being entertained in the Province. Visits of the 'Great' in the special trains offer great opportunities, as on these occasions prying officials are usually so excited about the propinquity of Royalty that the customary close inspection of trains from Palestine is not carried out at Kantara, the Canal terminus. Though the officials of King Fuad's special train got away with a vast quantity of the smuggled drug, those of the Princess Royal of England and Lord Lloyd, the High Commissioner of Egypt, were not so lucky and their consignments were captured!

There was what one might call a dead silence in the smuggling world, and when there is a dead silence, one may be very certain that a new and easy route has been discovered. Information came of cars running from Amman in Transjordan to the village

of Aqaba on the gulf of that name, for no apparent reason, and it transpired that hashish was being shipped from Aqaba in boats and landed on the deserted shores on the Sinai side, where it was run through the deep gorges of the granite mountains to the Gulf of Suez, to be handed over to fishermen who transferred it to the western side. Here another party of Arabs ran it through the Red Sea mountains to the Nile Valley in the vicinity of Helouan.

The trade must have been very extensive, for as soon as the patrolling system was altered, a large capture was made by the Camel Corps in the desert east of Cairo and the Sinai police had a very exciting little fight on the Gulf of Suez.

IV

Later it was found that the Sinai Arabs were becoming what one might call 'dressy.' As a race they normally go barefoot except when trekking over rough granite or limestone mountains, when they wear homemade sandals of goatskin—precisely the footwear worn by the Patriarchs of the Old Testament. The Arabs of Northern Sinai, however, very seldom wear anything on their feet, as practically the whole of the area in which they move is soft sand or clay. When it was noticed that a large number of very innocent-looking nomads were crossing the ferry at Kantara on the Canal wearing smart Damascus-made sandals, people began to wonder. Examination disclosed that the soles of these sandals were not made of leather but of specially shaped slabs of hashish weighing about three quarters of a pound, which meant that for some time nearly every

Arab wearing shoes had been passing the Customs barrier with one and one-half pounds of the drug on his feet.

There was another period of ominous silence on the Sinai front, accompanied by a big drop in the price of the drug in Cairo. Then one day a highly delighted patrol of Sinai Police came into El Arish with a large drove of camels and tethered to each mounted patrolman were three Arabs with ropes around their necks. It appeared that a big drove of 'meat' camels consigned to the butchers of Cairo had passed the frontier as all correct, but at Sheikh Zowaid, twelve miles farther on, had met the police patrol which had ridden among the drove of camels to make certain there were no parcels of hashish hidden in their loads. One policeman, struck by the fine wool of one of the camels, had gripped a handful of hair by the hump and there had come away in his hand a slab of hashish! A hole in the thick wool had been carefully removed by hair clippers, on to the bare skin of the camel a slab of hashish had been affixed with glue, and on the outer side of the slab the hair had been attached by the same method, the patch being carefully combed over so that no outward signs were visible. Each camel in the drove was carrying six half-kilo slabs.

Nowadays the smuggling fraternity, until they discover some new and cunning device, are running the hashish by means of fast-trotting camels at night. By day the smuggler turns his camel loose to graze, while he himself, with his saddle and consignment of hashish, is hidden under a bush. As there are grazing camels over the greater part of Central Sinai, the idea is that the smuggler's animal will pass as one of the herd. Against this is the

fact that the Sinai Police all have an 'eye for a camel' and can detect the breedy blood-stock type used by the smugglers at a distance of a mile. If one of these animals is noticed, it is closely examined. If there are recent saddle-marks on the hump, a search of the surrounding bushes will disclose the presence of a very innocent and plausible gentleman sitting on a consignment of the drug.

At the local Agricultural Show which is held at El Arish every year I complained about the quality of the camels in the *Hageen* or fast-trotting class and said they were not up to the standard I expected. I was assured by a warrant officer of the police that if I would give my word to 'play the game,' all the leading smugglers of Sinai would be delighted to come in and show their camels in this class. In due course a foxy-looking Arab, who had served five years in the local prison for smuggling, was produced and, after being assured that no tricks would be played, he arranged for a marvelous entry of camels. It was most interesting to see the beautiful animals that were produced and still more interesting to meet their owners, many of whom were old friends, as they had 'done time' in the prison and probably would do so again in the near future. It struck me as distinctly Gilbertian at the prize-giving that many of the leading smugglers of Egypt came up and received a monetary reward for possessing animals used exclusively for law-breaking!

V

The only occasion on which a 'drug baron' was convicted for smuggling in Sinai was when a middleman was

arrested on the strength of his footprints being detected among those of a group of Arab smugglers. In due course the Effendi in question was arrested, and proved to be a well-to-do resident of El Arish who always seemed to be in funds although he had no visible means of existence. A senior Egyptian officer of the police ultimately obtained a full confession and also a promise to assist in the conviction of the real owners of the drug.

A letter was written by the middleman to his employer in Cairo stating—untruthfully—that although the majority of the hashish had been captured by the police, the smugglers had managed to bury about a hundred kilos, and asked for instructions as to how this was to be disposed of. This letter was smuggled out of prison in the ordinary way and was in due course delivered to the 'drug baron' in Cairo. He was a member of the Al Azhar mosque, a man of unblemished character and great sanctity, but he was also as artful as a fox and seldom if ever wrote a letter himself. Luckily for the anti-contrabandist forces, however, this scribbled note from El Arish prison appeared to be so absolutely genuine that he allowed his avarice to get the better of his caution. He wrote a reply upbraiding his henchman for losing so much of his hashish and gave minute instructions as to the disposal of the remainder. Three days later, as he sat in his accustomed seat at his favorite café, holding forth on religious observances, he was tapped on the shoulder and immediately surrounded by half a dozen armed police officers who hustled him into a waiting motor-car.

The incriminating letter was quite sufficient to obtain a conviction and he was given three years' imprisonment and a fine of £3,000. One had very little sympathy for the fat, oily creature, for though loyalty is the keynote of the smuggling fraternity and unhappy, impoverished Arabs who earn but a pound or two for a successful run will go to prison cheerfully for three years rather than turn King's evidence and earn a remission of their sentences, this wealthy drug merchant, who had been living on the trade for twenty years, willingly gave away the remainder of the gang on the promise of a slight reduction of his sentence. By this means six more leading lights of Cairo and Alexandria were arrested and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment and heavy fines, and for some time there was a definite shortage on the hashish market in the capital.

The trade in the drug, which started immediately the law prohibited its import some fifty years ago, will probably continue for all time unless the League of Nations can bring pressure to bear on the hashish-producing countries. It costs little or nothing to grow and will sell at from £30 to £60 a kilo in Cairo; so that with profits such as these obtainable there will always be contrabandists prepared to run a very small risk for a large sum, and the deserts will always provide the Arabs who will run a much greater risk for little more than a day's wage. They possess no property to be sold to pay a fine, and as to them time means nothing, a sentence of penal servitude holds no terrors and no sense of irremediable waste of life's short span.

Unusual glimpses of Soviet Russia,
Provincial France and Nazi Germany
make up this album of brief pieces.

Miscellany

I. LENIN TODAY

By A. T. CHOLERTON

From the Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, London Independent Conservative Daily

SINCE its great founder, Lenin, died in 1924, the Soviet régime has changed beyond belief. His International is now dead or dying. And yet in his polychrome granite tomb in the Red Square, Moscow, Lenin's mummy still 'lives' and quickens Stalinism.

In the last 13 years, 11,500,000 pilgrims have been checked through that vault, and their number ever grows. Day in, day out, during the past six months an average of 12,000 persons have queued for hours in all weathers to catch a glimpse of that tiny impressive body.

The police run them through fast, two abreast. Nobody spends more than 45 seconds walking around the glass-canopied bier. Lenin's Russian visitors are subjected—now that their rulers have convinced themselves that they have become the object of a permanent terrorist plot—to a scrutiny which would probably offend an English crowd: their wooden attaché-cases

are taken from them, their softer parcels squeezed for bombs. But, so far as I know, there has only been one outrage and that was ten years ago, when a mad mechanic attacked the corpse with a hammer.

Under the grimly beautiful Kremlin wall, the squat, massive mausoleum, built of immense polished blocks of dull-red granite and black and gray Labrador, dragged thousands of miles from the Urals and Karelia, speaks that language of State power which means so much to the Russian with his long history of semi-Asiatic despotism.

Crossing a small garden, you pass between expressionless Red Guards, watching there night and day: somehow you cannot imagine they are ever changed. Over the door the one word, Lenin; facing you, inside, the arms of the Soviet Union finely carved in black and gray.

The vault below, with its dark

marble walls inlaid with red flames, receives its light only from the shrine-like glass canopy. A polite guard points to the steps up and you find yourself suddenly quite close to and facing Lenin. The noble head is slightly raised on a cushion and the body is sloped away into the bier, covered at the lower end by the flag of the Paris Commune almost black with age. He wears a plain khaki tunic with one order.

Your first impression is how frail and tiny he is; your second, how quiet and strong in death. And yet, under the diffused flesh-colored light, he does not seem altogether dead. Perhaps only dying or only just dead. As you pass rapidly along the raised platform, you next notice his firm elegant right hand, diaphanous-looking but not shrivelled or discolored except for one finger-nail blue at the root. This hand lies across his chest, the other along his left side, the common 'saintly' position of the hands having been carefully avoided.

Hurried along by the police officers, you manage to notice the firm, full, sensual lips, still rather pursed, the wide sensitive nostrils—Tartar blood, perhaps, but certainly passionate—the perfectly-shaped bald skull. You see the short, bleached hairs on the cheeks and above and behind the ears, and then realize that the flesh of the face and scalp is not really dry at all, that something inside is moistening it ever so slightly; and then you imagine you see a faint sheen on it.

'This is very good indeed from my special point of view—I mean the theater,' Bernard Shaw remarked to me down in the vault in 1932.

The Russians are a dramatic people, and this remark explains some-

thing of their attitude to Lenin's tomb, but not much. After 13 years, 'awed curiosity' would probably still define the attitude of most visitors to Lenin. I have noticed that at times of national misgiving like the present, the crowds at the tomb increase. To many, at any rate, Lenin is now a light in the gathering darkness and his body lies there—not the blackened, shrivelled relic of a saint, but, owing to a strictly scientific 'miracle,' like that of a leader lost only yesterday.

The miracle was performed by Professor Vorobiev, who died a little while ago, and his assistant, Professor Sbarski, who will carry on his work. It is a curious story.

Within thirty-six hours of his death on January 21, 1924, at Gorki, a country-house near Moscow, Lenin's body was laid out in state in the Hall of White Columns of the former Moscow Nobles' Assembly Rooms. Despite a bitter black frost of 25 degrees below zero, known ever since as 'Lenin's Frost,' all Moscow and all neighboring Russia queued up in shabby furs smelly sheep-skins or leather coats, night and day, to see him. Great fires were lighted for them in the streets. Three days passed, and still the procession of mourners stretched for miles. 'After all, could we not make a semi-permanent thing of it?' one Bolshevik leader asked.

A meeting of specialists, hurriedly convoked, recommended Vorobiev and Sbarski, who knew all there was to know about embalming, ancient and modern. A week had already elapsed since death before the two professors could begin working. This complicated their task. But within six months Lenin's body was on view again in a temporary wooden tomb rather like

the present permanent one but smaller and better proportioned.

'Give us a free hand and follow our instructions afterwards and we guarantee to preserve the appearance of the visible parts of the body unimpaired not only for the three months you ask, but perhaps for one hundred years,' the two professors had declared. Their process has become a State secret. It was not quite so secret then.

After the opening ceremony, they explained to a small group of interested persons that their method depended for its success on: first, maintaining a constant degree of sterilized moisture working through the tissues from inside the body at a constant pressure, kept up by an electrical pumping device connected inside the body (their mixture contains, I believe, water, glycerine, and, if I remember rightly, potash or something of that kind); and second, maintaining the temperature inside the glass canopy over the body at a constant 60 degrees Fahrenheit or thereabouts—a variation of more than 2 degrees either way would ruin everything.

By marching Red soldiers through the vault two abreast they had been able to fix the number of persons who

could be let through daily without a dangerous rise in the temperature from their body heat. Visitors were allowed to pass through the old tomb at a fixed speed for one hour daily in summer, rather more in winter. Now, in the new tomb, with its far superior apparatus, the time is two hours in summer, three in winter.

The professors admitted that owing to the delay in beginning the embalming process, they had had to sacrifice a large part of the body. It is my private opinion that nothing much remains below the thorax.

In 1929 the body had to be moved to a specially prepared chamber in one of the Kremlin towers so that the present stone tomb might be built. The usual rumors, that it could be no longer preserved and that a wax doll was to be secretly substituted, flooded Moscow. Accordingly, Professors Vorobiev and Sbarski invited a few of us to examine the body and testify to its perfect condition.

Sending away the Red sentinels from the head and foot of the bier out of respect for their morale, Vorobiev unclamped the head end of the glass canopy, and, by touching the ear, the cheek and the nostril, demonstrated that the flesh was still resilient.

II. GETTING MARRIED IN FRANCE

By PHILIP HEWITT-MYRING

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

'YOU will observe,' said the Mayor's secretary, smiling sadly, 'that your first name appears on your birth-certificate, the official copy of which has at last reached me from Paris, as 'Philippe,' and further that the hy-

phen which now figures in your surname is not here recorded. Moreover, the *certificat de coutume* of Mademoiselle your fiancée is not drawn up on the prescribed stamped paper.'

E., leaning by my side against the

wide counter that bisects the main office at the *mairie*, urgently demanded a translation, and a dapper *agent de ville*, smoking at one end of the room beneath a notice reading '*Défense de Fumer*,' gave us an encouraging wink.

I told E. of the lesser problem.

'Do you mean to say I've paid that lawyer 500 francs and another 88 francs to the American consul and they still haven't got it right!' she exclaimed. 'And to think you can get married anywhere in South Carolina at any time to almost anyone for two dollars.'

I turned again to the Mayor's secretary. We had become as brothers, that weary, courteous man and I, during previous weeks. It had been understood between us from the first that some time, somehow, E. and I would be married in his town in perfect accordance with the laws of France, Great Britain and the United States; but we had both recognized that matters of this solemnity could not be hurried, and that the yellow-covered file that now lay on the table behind him must be well gorged with documents before the Mayor could pronounce us man and wife. Now, however, with the official time for the wedding not twenty-four hours away and the knowledge that the English chaplain had sent out a mobilization order among his flock for the religious service that should follow the *mairie* ceremony, I could not exclude a slight note of urgency from my tone.

'Let us begin,' I said, 'with the *certificat de coutume*. Cannot that affair be quickly righted?'

'That may well be,' he conceded. 'The *Bureau d'Enregistrement*. . .'

'Good,' I exclaimed—and indeed I

knew all about the *Bureau d'Enregistrement*, which lies at the far end of the town from the *mairie*. With a smile to the official in charge and a few more francs, something would be done with some gummed paper and a rubber stamp that would make E.'s worthless certificate worth more than its weight in radium to both of us. But this business about my name. . .

'As for my name,' I said, 'you know already that I, though an Englishman, was born in Paris. This certificate was obviously deposited by a French doctor. "Philippe" is simply the French form of. . .'

'Evidently,' said the secretary. 'But there must be rectification before we can proceed.'

I was rewarded in that hour for the years of toil in which I have achieved a certain mastery of the French tongue and some insight into the fascinating and complex psychology of the Frenchman. No frontal attack could turn that position: a vigorous assault on the flank might just conceivably succeed; and I made it with all my big guns.

Starting with a brief sketch of British nomenclature since the Conquest, I went on to an impassioned survey of the French Contribution to Civilization; then I dilated on the traditional hospitality of the Gaul and the history and beauty of the town in which we now so happily found ourselves. I even managed, but have forgotten in what connection, to make a passing reference to the local cooking—and if the word 'Verdun' was not actually mentioned, the spirit of that epic brooded over most of my discourse. I ended with a touching reference to E., who had donned precisely the right kind of wistful

smile, and the secretary and I both mopped our brows.

'It is well,' said the secretary. 'And now what about the Profession of the Bridegroom's Mother?'

And so at ten o'clock next morning E. and I assembled with our two witnesses in what appeared to be a disused schoolroom at the *mairie*. The secretary seated us at a table on which lay a printed document. A moment's wait, and there bustled through the door a trim, spare little man with a gray spade beard and a tricolor sash who, without a glance in our direction, took his stand behind the table, picked up the printed document and read from it at express speed the paragraphs of the Code Civil that relate to marriage.

He looked at me and smiled suddenly. Would I take E. for my wife in accordance with these provisions? I would. He looked at E. and repeated his question. I dug her in the ribs and she said: 'Wee.'

'*Eb bien,*' said the little man chatily. '*Vous voilà mariés.*'

We tried to look as if we believed

him. The Register was signed (for the benefit of history and my solicitor I signed in all my names) and we prepared to go. But the little man, now beaming like a French Pickwick, kept us for another three minutes during which he made a charming speech expressing the pleasure it gave him to unite the representatives of two majestic and friendly nations, and the added hope that since I was a journalist I would devote my (doubtless) great talents to telling to the world the beauty and interest of his town. Really moved by this time, I inserted two wrong genders and an unhappy subjunctive into a brief but fervent reply; and we could leave to be married anew among people of our own tongue in the rites of our own Church.

As we walked down the steps to the waiting car, E. examined a booklet that the little man had handed to her, and turned slightly pale. My wife may not know much French; but she had no difficulty in realizing that in that booklet were spaces for recording the births of fourteen children.

III. NAZI AMAZONS

By F. WINDER

From the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

OVER the freshly-tarred road which cuts straight across the fertile meadows of Holstein a strange-looking group on horseback was cantering along, looking somewhat out of place in these surroundings. All were wearing the khaki-colored uniforms of the former German colonial troops. Rifles slung across their shoulders swayed up and down in the rhythm of the canter.

A revolver belt and two cartridge pouches supplemented this warlike equipment.

As they jumped a ditch one of the riders lost his cap, and suddenly a blonde girl's head shone brightly in the sun. The others turned around and all these booted, martial figures were revealed as young women between eighteen and twenty-two. They were re-

turning from their afternoon exercises to their barracks, the Colonial School of Rendsburg, where Germany is training women in anticipation of the return of her colonies, even before the world has recognized her claims. One hundred and twenty girls, nearly all of whom come from families having an 'African tradition,' are here taking a two-year training course in preparation for life in the tropics.

Twelve one-story blockhouses built in a circle around a high flag-pole provide sleeping and living quarters and classrooms. A language lesson is in session in one blockhouse. Thirty voices join in a chorus: '*Bwana*—the master.' The instructor is a former Askari from what was once German East Africa. His pitch-black face is wreathed in smiles. He has reason to commend his students. They learn rapidly and well. After completing their training they will have a fair command of one or more native Negro dialects. Of great assistance in this instruction are the unique archives in the Berlin Museum of Anthropology, which possess phonograph records of several hundred African dialects.

In another blockhouse the girls learn cooking. But how different is this cooking instruction from that taught in other household schools! The students learn hardly anything about the preparation of European delicacies; instead they are taught to prepare dishes which are entirely unknown in Germany. In one oven bread fruits are sizzling, in another one corn and bamboo. The future wives of settlers on the veldt must also learn how to skin and clean venison and to use strange seasonings which must be added to food in order to make it digestible under the tropical sun.

Carpentry is also a part of the curriculum of the colonial school in Rendsburg. These girls must, of course, become expert at sewing and dress-making, for in the midst of the jungle they will hardly be able to call in a dressmaker. But perhaps the most important part on the schedule is nursing. Guest doctors from the Hamburg Hospital for Tropical Diseases give lectures. Before they can be graduated, the students must be able to answer a multitude of questions: 'How would you treat such and such a snake bite?' 'How would you recognize the first symptoms of malaria?'

The girls have a rifle range, where they learn to handle weapons. Here it was observed, strangely enough, that girls learn shooting quicker than men. What they lack is, above all, an instant and correct reaction in case of emergencies. Therefore a number of intelligence and courage tests have to be taken. Riding lessons with unexpected obstacles offer an opportunity to gauge their ability and to develop their confidence. Tree climbing and ditch jumping are also required.

Will these girls ever be sent to the 'Colonies?' What will happen to them if Germany does not achieve her colonial aims? 'In that case they will be taken care of,' the Headmistress told us smiling, showing us a file of letters. 'Every one of our students is as good as married already. German farmers who have resettled in East Africa, in Togo, the Cameroons and Southwest Africa write to us and ask us to reserve wives for them. The girls need merely choose among the enclosed photos. Several of our students have already arranged their marriages by correspondence. Most of them are very happy with their prospects.'

NOTES AND COMMENTS

'Unknownnia'

Hardly a day goes by without the newspapers reporting some act of piracy or pillage, committed against English or French ships in the Mediterranean. These regrettable maritime incidents are all the work of unknown airplanes and submarines.

There is also the matter of the troops of unknown nationality which land regularly in Rebel Spain, either at Malaga or at Algeciras.

Rather inexplicable events, it seems. . . .

Geographers, quickly aroused, finally discovered that a new nation 'Unknownnia' had recently found a place on the map of Europe.

Here is the information which they were able to obtain:—

Position: The topographical position of Unknownnia has not yet been definitely determined. But there is no hurry. As long as its position is not exactly known the League of Nations is under no obligation to supervise it.

Population: Unknownnia has a population of 42,000,000. But that's only a beginning. A recent law orders the Unknownnians to be very prolific. The Unknownnians obey patriotically.

Principal Cities: The capital of Unknownnia is Rome, terminus of a great many roads. Naples, known for its kisses, Milan and Venice, which produces the lagoon and gondolier in abundant quantities, may also be mentioned.

Trade: The new nation exports a large number of manufactured articles; principally the hunting seaplane, the clandestine submarine, the counter-proposal and the mechanized volunteer.

—Jules Rivet in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Strictly Impartial

Another example of Foreign Office flabbiness is in the Spanish Affair. From the beginning I have argued that our proper game was to be strictly neutral and supply both sides, with a natural bias toward the Nationalist forces.

—Mr. C. G. Grey in the *Aeroplane*, London

Sword of the Scripture

A fortune is being made by a man of seventy-seven who, after sixteen years of self-imposed poverty, living on £2 a week, invented and patented a method of turning old Bibles into

gun-cotton, artificial silk, cellulose and expensive note paper. His machinery has already been installed at a Cardiff factory and at eight others in various parts of the country where armaments are being made from ancient Testaments.

—*Daily Express*, London

That Was Last Year

All who know Japanese mentality realize that it is the only one that, for hypocrisy, double-dealing and bad faith, can be compared with the Ethiopian.

—*Il Messaggero*, Rome

He Can't Resist

I dislike war not only for its dangers and inconveniences but because of the loss of so many young men, any of whom may be a Newton or an Einstein, a Beethoven, a Michelangelo, a Shakespeare, or even a Shaw.

—G. B. Shaw in the *Listener*, London

Artists All

In the Prussian Academy of Arts today General Göring opened an admirable exhibition of Italian paintings, representing all schools 'from Napoleon to Mussolini,' as the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* puts it.

—*Times*, London

No Inquest

There has never been an exhaustive inquiry after a war. It would not be easy for us to explain to someone who did not enjoy the benefits of civilization why we take so much trouble in the case of single deaths, but none at all when millions die.

—Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P.

Martial Music

Keizo Horiuchi, one of Japan's best known composers, is now on the Shanghai front where he hopes to write a symphony of modern warfare 'comparable in standard with that of Beethoven's musical description of the old Napoleonic wars.' Napoleon's wars, remarks Mr. Horiuchi, were rather quiet affairs compared with war as we moderns know it. In Napoleon's day timpani could be used to simulate cannonades, but even if timpani are

beaten until they burst the result is but a hollow mockery of the blast of a twentieth century big gun. The difficulties indeed appear terrific. However, says Mr. Horiuchi:—

The soprano of rifles and machine-guns, contralto of trench mortars, the baritone of anti-aircraft guns, and bass of heavy cannon intermingled with shouts of bayonet charges—all these must indeed be a splendid natural symphony by themselves.

Mr. Horiuchi's composition thus appears almost to write itself. A few blares by the cornet, a rumbling by the tuba, a handful of crackers (Chinese) and the thing is practically done. But will it be music?

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

Climax

Is it an accident that our leaders have always been distinguished for their style—the liveliness and vigor of Marx himself, the ease and brilliance of Engels, the pungent homeliness of Lenin, the simplicity and clarity of Stalin?

—*Labour Monthly*, London

Nazi Self-Sufficiency

It remains an open question why no Aryan banker has received the concession for that store. We really don't need Jews to gyp the customers and to cheat the State.

—*Schwarze Korps*, Berlin

To Have Not and Have

On October 20th the *London News Chronicle* reviewed Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *To Have and Have Not*. It observed of this work:

'It is enough to make a cat laugh; alternatively it is enough to make the angels weep. . . . The nobility and the pathos [of Farewell to Arms] are now gone; and Mr. Hemingway frenziedly lashes on the sound and fury. . . . There is no coarseness, no brutal sensuality to which he will not descend. . . . He is now feverishly educating himself into the kindergarten.'

On October 30th the same paper announced that 'Ernest Hemingway is a great writer' and that his novel, *To Have and Have Not*, would be serialized in the *News Chronicle*.

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

Wrong, but not Punishable

It is optimism only, and not pessimism, which masters life. But it is wrong to talk somebody into believing that castor oil is honey.

—Dr. Schacht in the
Deutsche Volkswirt, Berlin

Rah-ther

I often think how much easier the world would have been to manage if Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini had chanced to have been at Oxford.

—Lord Halifax

This Mad-house

The bombing of non-combatants, except munition workers, would not be carried out by anybody except madmen, as food supply is a great problem in wartime, and to reduce the number of non-combatants and non-munition workers is assisting to solve the enemy's most vital problem.

—Letter from Admiral Kers in
the *Times*, London

The Ersatz Overcoat

A Berlin couple is spending an evening at home. The husband reads the newspaper, his wife knits. They hear a steady boring sound. Says the wife: 'What is that noise? It is getting on my nerves.' 'Don't get excited,' her husband reassures her, 'it is only a woodworm in my new overcoat!'

—*Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

Welsh Wizard

The Great War lasted so long because the respective war aims of the two sides were incompatible, and neither side was prepared to give way until compelled to do so.

—Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George
in the *Daily Telegraph*, London

Survival of the Quickest

Shrewsbury claims to be building the first municipal bomb shelter in Britain. Of reinforced concrete it will be ten feet below ground level and hold at least one hundred people. The population of the borough is 32,370.

—*Medicine, Today and Tomorrow*

AS OTHERS SEE US

TYPICAL MIDDLE WEST TOWN

By HANNEN SWAFFER

From the *Daily Herald*, London

SOON after reaching New York I found myself in trouble with the entire Middle West. Quite casually I had told an Associated Press reporter who asked me what I was doing that I had been asked to describe a typical Middle West town 'although I did not believe such a thing existed.'

This, which merely meant that wireless and films and motor-cars had destroyed insularity of mind, raised a furor which I did not understand.

'What do you think a typical Middle West town is like?' asked one reporter.

Now, although I know more than most people that a chance remark might cause trouble, that Anglo-American friendship, now better than ever before, was all-important, my sense of fun overcame me. I could not help it.

'I regard the Middle West as a lot of flat earth that still believes in the flat earth theory,' I replied, 'and a place that does not know that the more gold I pay it in war debts, the poorer it gets.'

'Then it is a place where they learn manners out of books, and grow charm by mail order.'

I had seen everywhere on the book-stalls, you see, a best seller—*How to Win Friends*, by Dale Carnegie—and articles on etiquette, by Emily Post; on how not to eat peas with your knife; and why a tuxedo doesn't go with tennis shoes.

Naturally, not knowing I was being funny, the Middle West got angry. My friend Sinclair Lewis called me 'a visiting fireman,' and said that Dickens had started years ago expressing opinions about America after a whirlwind tour,

that Matthew Arnold, Shaw, Kipling and Chesterton had done the same thing, and that I was only one more who would get it all wrong.

'Where will you go?' asked the reporter.

'How do I know?' I answered. 'The Middle West is a big place. You find a typical town for me and I will go.'

Then governors of States, mayors of towns and chairmen of chambers of commerce all rushed into print, boosting their favorite towns, defending the Middle West, glorifying it, demanding a visit.

Rolin H. Bunch, the Mayor of Muncie, Indiana, put in a plug for his town because two sociologists had spent months there on research, studying its soil, analyzing its views on theology and politics, tabulating its figures, and then writing two big books about it, calling it *Middletown*, books that first annoyed it, but then gave it fame.

George B. Chandler, of the Ohio State Chamber of Commerce, nominated Mansfield, Ohio, as 'a typical Middle West town,' and W. H. Arnett, Director of the Indiana State Chamber of Commerce, reeled off the names of twelve Hoosier towns that I should see.

Then, from Sauk Center, Minnesota, said to be the *Main Street* immortalized by Sinclair Lewis, came an invitation from M. F. Hintzn, the Mayor.

'Our English visitor hasn't seen America until he sees Sauk Center,' he said. 'Our citizens combine the zeal and resourcefulness of the Sod Hut pioneers. . . . We have industries . . . cultural development.'

'Mandan, N. D., combines the spirit of the old West with the progressiveness of the new era,' telegraphed William Langer, Governor of North Dakota.

'All Missouri towns are typically Mid-western,' boasted Governor Lloyd Stark.

Frank Murphy, Governor of Michigan, nominated Niles, 'Progressive but not

objectionably so, a town that apes no other.'

Meanwhile, reporters had described my 'long black cloak,' which I have never owned, called me 'a funebrous figure,' described my chain-smoking and my 'Mayfair accent'—one declared that I said 'Ammedican'—and published my views on everything in the world.

When I said I was a Socialist, one reporter warned me, 'Then you mustn't go to Indiana, or they will run you out, as they did Norman Thomas.'

'I don't think you Americans understand,' I replied. 'In England, we Socialists are his Majesty's Opposition. We have to wear knee breeches at Court functions. We are the alternative Government. We run London and Glasgow and Sheffield, and nearly forty other towns. During our first three years in control of the London County Council we reduced the maternity death rate by half. In ten years, unless there is war, we shall raze every slum dwelling in London. We have been a Government twice.'

My remark that I considered Franklin Roosevelt 'one of your three great Presidents'—Washington and Lincoln were the other two—was seized upon by Republican papers as something to attack. Oh, how they hate him!

Well, the more towns they found for me, the more puzzled I got.

'I will go to Chicago,' I said, 'where the Associated Press must choose me a town.'

I didn't know it till afterwards, but the reporter I saw obviously chose Decatur, Illinois, because he worked there not long ago, and wanted to go back and look at it. Mind you, he was justified by the statement of Professor F. Ogburn, a sociologist at the University of Chicago.

'A typical Middle West town has 50,000 population,' said the Professor, 'a smattering of industry, retail trade heavily dependent upon agriculture—a place where half the families own cars and 70 per cent have radios.'

'It has as many ministers as there are

lawyers. The social cleavage between the well-to-do and the laboring classes is not very pronounced and the average wage earner's income is \$1,350 a year.'

So, with an Associated Press reporter as my guide, I took a train to Decatur.

In one way at least, the Middle West is terribly backward. It *shoots* foxes! So it can't be civilized.

In a sporting goods window, right in the middle of Decatur, Illinois, they announced how many head of game you could shoot if you bought a license, but then stated that foxes could be shot at any time!

Really, I had to protest.

'Surely you have heard of the right way to deal with foxes,' I said to a young woman who wanted to interview me for her high school magazine. 'We know, if you don't. Before a fox can be killed, people have to put on red coats, jump on horses and rush after dogs, shouting "Yoicks" and "Tallyho." Then, when the fox is killed, you have to get a child and rub its face with the blood. That is real civilization.'

'But supposing a fox is eating a farmer's chickens?' asked the ignorant girl who, living as she does in the Middle West, knew nothing about the rules of Sport.

'Oh, the farmers don't matter,' I said. 'Surely you know that! It is the Hunt that is important. If you kill a fox without putting on a red coat and shouting "Yoicks" no one will speak to you.'

In all that, the Middle West is years behind us. It is merely practical. I must send it some scarlet coats, and a book of rules. Otherwise, the Middle West seems, nowadays, as I suspected, like any other place.

Decatur, the first town the Associated Press chose for me, is so up-to-date that it has just had a newspaper strike! It owns a night club, spells it 'Nite Club,' too, just like New York, and has the usual silly band and the usual silly girl singer with no voice but the inevitable microphone.

Decatur did not send its band to meet

me. Nor did the Chamber of Commerce come to the train. Only reporters and photographers were there.

'Mr. Swaffer has made no request to me,' Charles E. Lee, the lawyer Mayor, who is 'Charlie' to the newspaper boys, had said in that morning's *Decatur Herald*. 'No doubt he wants to see things for himself. If he wants to see me, he will no doubt call.'

I did.

'Are you a typical Middle West town?' I asked.

'What do you mean by that?' countered the Mayor.

'I would say that the average Britisher would expect it to be peopled with self-centered reactionaries, fundamentalists and persons who believe in local option and collecting War debts,' I replied, 'a place where the average citizen has no interest at all in the outside world.'

The Mayor soon dismissed all that.

'Some people think the Middle West is inhabited by Indians and buffaloes,' he replied. 'Last night we had a good lecture by a Chinese of some repute. He explained the Sino-Japanese trouble, and an alert audience of three hundred asked very intelligent questions. The subject might have interested you.'

'How many of your citizens have seen the sea?' I asked.

'Probably you are thinking of the Atlantic,' said the Mayor. 'In that case, a good many. Some of them have seen both seas. There is another on the west coast in case the Atlantic runs dry. Here, in America, we call it the Pacific.'

Then the Mayor explained how, now that nearly everyone had a motor-car, people toured all over the place. He said that no fewer than one hundred and fifty people from Decatur went to Europe last summer for their holidays—he had gone to fight in the war—that the Middle West was now world-conscious, and that often a town like Decatur saw talkies even

before they were shown in the big cities.

Decatur had nearly fifty women's clubs and, although it is only 57,000 people small, a university of its own. It was famous as 'The City that Built a Lake,' for Lake Decatur, fourteen miles long, was made by flooding a valley, so that now it is used for sailing and picnic parties.

In enterprises like this the Middle West has much to teach Europe.

'I would say that "Live and let live" is our motto,' said the Mayor of Decatur, not realizing how unctuous it sounded, 'that we try to apply the Golden Rule and seek to secure as much education as we can for our children.'

This became high-powered earnestness. The Parent-Teacher Association was discussing, all through the winter, 'Character building,' 'Lifting standards in home and school,' and so forth. There were lectures and debates every week on such topics as 'A design for living' and 'Living and thinking with our children.'

It all had to be organized, you see.

Then the Decatur Woman's Club was a hive of ceaseless activity, and uplift. The motto for a lecture on 'Money' was 'May God thy gold refine,' while for another evening, when 'The American Woman and her New Leisure' was the theme, someone had chosen 'Oh, Lord, lead the American woman' to print at the top.

Nothing could happen, it seemed, unless it was discussed and made the subject of a moral talk. Everywhere, there seemed a yearning for half-baked knowledge. Everyone took everything so seriously—and no one ever seemed to laugh.

Mind you, things have changed since the Great Depression, which will be recognized, I am sure, when history comes to be written, as the greatest blessing the United States has ever known. It knocked out so much bunk, drew people closer together, and proved that Individualism was not quite the god they thought.

BOOKS ABROAD

FREE HAND IN THE EAST

WATCH CZECHOSLOVAKIA! *By Richard Freund. London: Nelson. 1937.*

(A. B. in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

IT IS to be hoped that everybody interested in the future of Europe will read this little book. In just over a hundred pages the author of *Zero Hour* has stated, with the maximum of clarity and conciseness, the essentials of the Czechoslovak 'problem,' and the immense implications of a German attack on that country of which Bismarck has already said: 'Whoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe.' At a time when, in connection with Lord Halifax's visit to Berlin, or in any other connection, our Garvins and Rothermeres, and even more important people, preach a 'settlement with Germany'—a phrase which inevitably implies a free hand for Germany in the East, and a reaffirmation of what Mr. Eden called 'the comfortable doctrine that we can live secure in a Western European glass house'—Mr. Freund's book should act like a broom for sweeping away a great deal of this complacent, loose and plainly bad thinking. 'Thinking,' in fact, is hardly the word; for has any of these 'thinkers' ever tried to visualize what a 'free hand' for Germany in the East would ultimately mean?

That is the question to which Mr. Freund gives an answer; though one with which not everybody will fully agree.

He reminds us of certain facts of the past, which are, unfortunately, only too often forgotten. For instance, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. In 1918, Germany had come very near to dominating, directly or indirectly, both the eastward lines of expansion, the northern line running from Berlin to Warsaw, down to the Ukraine

and the Caucasus; and the southern line running through Bohemia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Asia Minor. Both lines ultimately meet in Mesopotamia, near the Gulf of Persia. Czechoslovakia is the key to the whole system; if Czechoslovakia goes, Germany gains access to Rumanian oil and to Ukrainian wheat and becomes, before long, the mistress of Europe.

'Given a decade of peaceful penetration on these lines,' Mr. Freund affirms, 'Germany [had she not lost the war in the West in 1918], might have been in a position to strike at the very heart of the British Empire.' But Mr. Freund admits that 'the argument that a German conquest of Czechoslovakia might ultimately threaten the British Empire in the Near East is far above the head of that elusive person, the average Englishman.' Actually, one may doubt whether it is necessary to use such 'unconvincing' arguments. The matter is perhaps even simpler.

The Gulf of Persia may be Germany's ultimate goal, but long before she reaches it she will be dominating the whole of Eastern and Central Europe—if she is given a 'free hand' against Czechoslovakia.

No doubt, looking at it purely selfishly, we might say that during the time Germany has completed her victorious progress toward the Gulf of Persia, Britain and France may go on living a peaceful life in a paradise of complacency. What will democracies not stand? Yet one cannot help disagreeing in this connection with Mr. Freund's conclusion, or rather implication, that an unopposed German attack on Czechoslovakia will necessarily be followed by continuous expansion towards the East. The French have a formula: 'after Sadowa, Sedan.' Is it not more probable that after conquering

Czechoslovakia, and gaining access to the Rumanian wheat and oil supplies, Germany, now immensely better equipped for war, will turn back and launch a frontal attack on France, *now no longer assisted by any allies in the East?* That seems a far more immediate danger than any German conquest of Mesopotamia and India.

IT IS actually doubtful whether Germany's primary objective in the East is to occupy vast territories, through which she would scatter her forces. Mr. Freund aptly reminds us how, in 1918, Germany maintained an army of occupation of one million men in Eastern Europe; a force which might have made all the difference on the Western Front. Since not only the diplomatic but the physical destruction of France is Hitler's ultimate goal, is it not more probable that Germany will carefully refrain, in the first place, from engaging herself too deeply in Eastern Europe, and from repeating the error of 1918?

While one may differ with Mr. Freund in the interpretation of 'a free hand in the East,' his book is excellent; his strictly impartial account of the Sudeten-German question, in which not only the Czech case, but also the Sudeten grievances are carefully stated, is particularly good; and the chapters on the military resistance of which the Czechs would, in different circumstances, be capable, and on the German prospects of turning Czechoslovakia into a 'second Spain' are of the greatest topical interest. Perhaps Mr. Freund takes too rosy a view of the fundamental cohesion of the Little Entente as a military unit—one has to reckon with people like Stoyadinovitch; but he is probably right in saying that 'on balance' the chances are for a Russian intervention, were Czechoslovakia to be attacked. Only, it is not true that 'Russia has never fought a successful war outside her own frontiers;' what about 1877, and all her wars of conquest before that? But that is only a detail. On the whole, Mr. Freund has done a small but first-rate job which

should do much to put an end to the absurd belief that 'the French commitments in Central and Eastern Europe are the cause of the present international unrest.'

REVELATIONS FROM REBEL SPAIN

DOY FE: UN AÑO DE ACTUACIÓN EN LA ESPAÑA NACIONALISTA. By Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana. Paris: Edition Imprimerie Cooperative Étoile. 1937.

(Fernando Fulano in the *National-Zeitung*, Basel)

THIS book, the subtitle of which is: *One Year in the Service of Nationalist Spain*, reveals the petty jealousies and intrigues, the many different trends and their underlying reasons, in the camp of the Spanish Rebels. The author, Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana, was an officer in the Spanish Nationalist Department of Justice in Burgos. He witnessed many acts of terror in silence. Then his friend, the young composer and writer Antonio José, together with other innocent persons, was denounced by the priests and executed merely because he had once published an essay about the relationship between Sephardic music and old Spanish folk songs.

Ruiz Vilaplana could stand no more. He fled the Burgos inquisition and wrote a book in exile to relieve his conscience—the conscience of a Spanish patriot.

What the author has to say about the personality of Franco and about his political position within the Nationalist group is particularly interesting at a moment when all the world is beginning to take the victory of the Generalissimo for granted. Vilaplana describes how Franco was elevated to a position for which he was not suited in any respect. The Italian and German authorities, however, had been dazzled by the rapid rise of the young general and by the reputation he had won in the African campaigns. In the beginning they believed that in Franco they had discovered a strong personality and

outstanding qualities of leadership. But they were soon to be disappointed in the military and political capacities of their protégé.

Among themselves, the foreign General Staffs credited the Generalissimo with the defeat at Guadalajara and the fruitless siege of Madrid. Now, claims Vilaplana, they are confronted with the possibility that Franco, who in turn has betrayed the Monarchists, the Republicans and the Falangists, is on the verge of betraying the Fascist Powers too. For today, seeing his fortunes wane, he is turning to England and offering to bargain with her.

VILAPLANA maintains that Franco, now that he has awakened from his Napoleonic dreams, is already seeing the end of his glory. According to the author, he is practically living in retirement, an embittered man, surrounded by his Moroccan bodyguards because he no longer trusts any Spaniard. The personal situation of the Generalissimo has hardly been relieved by the transfer of his headquarters from Salamanca to Burgos.

Mola's shadow is still ruling that city, which is enduring the new rule with growing impatience. Ruiz Vilaplana describes in detail the humiliating situation of the civilian population in Burgos. The 'Maria Isabel,' the most distinguished hotel in town, is the headquarters of the German aviation corps. The Swastika flag dominates the picture. Regular guests of the hotel have been forced to look for other quarters. Only a few are allowed by special permission of the Germans to take their meals there, and as soon as they have finished, they are forced to leave. A Nationalist judge who dared to remain in the lobby with his wife was told by a guard that he could not stay because the Germans did not permit it.

'Not only the civilians, but the Spanish military as well, are suffering from foreign arrogance,' declares Vilaplana. 'I traveled with a friend of mine, a Spanish colonel, on the Seville Express. The

train was overcrowded, and there were vacant seats in only two compartments. In one of them were two Italian officers and in the other three German officers. The German compartment was labeled "Reserved." Proceeding to the other, we gave the Fascist salute, and asked the Italians politely whether we might sit down with them. One of the officers replied by slamming the door in our faces. . . .'

'The lower strata of the population are even more strongly affected by the foreign rule. Our poor, badly-paid soldiers, for instance, are treated by their foreign comrades in a very arrogant manner. The latter, of course, receive high pay and can afford the luxury of taking Spanish girls to cafés and to dancing places. But it is noticeable that in general the proletarian women show more reserve toward the strangers than the women who are higher up in the social scale. In Valladolid, I saw all the girls leave a dance hall because the Italians had free admission while our own soldiers had to pay. Posters are displayed in all the popular restaurants asking the women to be polite and attentive to the foreign brethren who have come to support the Spaniards in their fight against Bolshevism.'

Ruiz Vilaplana gives numerous examples of how the Italians and Germans conduct themselves in the conquered country and how they treat the Spaniards, regardless of whether they are civilians or in uniform, as 'natives of a colonial district.' He closes this chapter with a reference to the order given by Franco when Santander was taken: 'The Spanish column will attack on the right flank. . . . Salamanca in the second year of triumph.'

Vilaplana asks bitterly: 'Of triumph? For whom? That poor general will not enjoy the victory. It will be enjoyed solely by the foreign army which is forcing a Spanish general to humiliate himself in speaking in his orders of the participation of a "Spanish column."'

PUNCH WRITING

THE LAUGHTER OMNIBUS. *Taken from Punch.* By Anthony Armstrong. London: Faber and Faber. 1937.

(Ivor Brown in the *Observer*, London)

ENGLISH humor is traditionally coarse, and the Elizabethan type of comedy, its honest kersey soon to be replaced by the lace and ribbons of the Restoration, has always managed to live on both in the public revels of the music-hall and the private laughter of the smoking-room or salon. But the great English comic journal of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been outside that tradition and denied these favorite topics of the English clowns and comedians. It has been edited with a shrewd recollection that the English middle class has a stronger vein of Puritanism than of playfulness. The stage-drolls and the raconteurs have defied the Puritan: the writers have respected, or at least obeyed, him. *Punch*, contrary to general opinion, is exactly what it was, an organ of social comment and respectable entertainment which would rather be insipid than indecent, and is by no means always flat because it refuses to be raffish. It is idle to compare *Punch* with the *New Yorker*. They are not in the same line of business or catering for the same kind of customer.

Its editors, debarred by first principles from the three main topics of the world's jesting-mood—sex, drink, and religion—have accordingly been faced with an extremely difficult task. How to procure laughter without risk of a blush? How to tickle the general rib without hurting bourgeois sensibility?

The rich, especially the vulgar rich, we have always with us, and the joke about Sir Gorgeous Midas is an everlasting joy to the middle-class because they are envious of the Midas touch. Eternally popular is mockery of the Man Who Does the Wrong Thing, the Cockney Sportsman, the Fellah who goes huntin' and shootin' without having been to the right

school, and so forth. Then there is the eternal and more sympathetic humor of the well-intentioned duffer. This man has the right school-tie, but he gets out for nought in village cricket. Or he tries to keep bees and gets stung. *Punch* has always kept Rabbits and done very well with the marketing.

Mr. Armstrong, selecting from the text of *Punch* over a quarter of a century, has been careful to include the works of a very large number of contributors instead of relying on the famous *Punch* regulars. His volume affords a commentary on the years. What a relief was the War to *Punch* writers! It was essentially respectable, and naturally an amateur army was full of Rabbits. It was so comforting, too, for the old folks at home to know that the young men were having so jolly a time with their mess and their mules, their stew and their sergeant-majors.

Then came Peace and the B.B.C., the Village Institutes and the Sea-side Golf Club (Pity the Poor Secretary!), the Talkies and the Detective Fiction Vogue. All safe subjects, and, as a rule, safely, serenely, urbanely handled. *Punch* really is best when it is being the common-sensible reformer and we are always more than glad to hear of or from Mr. Herbert's Mr. Haddock, because A. P. H. does ground his humor on real nuisances.

The weakest element, as a rule, is the kind of funny piece about the kind of suburban couple who have a favorite slug in the garden called Reggie. Mr. Armstrong has let in a certain amount of this domestic and horticultural facetiousness, and, no doubt, he was right in his view of public preference. This species of comedy, together with that of the child who makes Queer Remarks, has a very general and genuine appeal. It would, on a popular vote, stand high in the list of *Punch* favorites. So, more deservedly, would the *Punch* light verses, of which there are some admirable examples. These nearly always have style and grace and the

touch of real poetry without which comic poetry is just a tedious jingle of rhymes. I could have done with more of them. On the whole, the younger prose-writers seem more amusing than the earlier ones—or shall we say that they are neater at wringing a new savor from the old familiar themes?

THE INCORRUPTIBLE

ROBESPIERRE: A STUDY OF A DICTATOR.

By Friedrich Sieburg. London: Bles.

1937.

(Harold Nicolson in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London)

HERR Friedrich Sieburg is an interesting and instructive man. He leapt into fame by writing *Gott in Frankreich* which our French friends, with pardonable pride, mistranslated as *Dieu est-il Français?* He then went off on an ice-breaker and wrote a very readable account of his experience. And then came the Nazi Revolution. Herr Sieburg might well have been a trifle suspect. For had he not been the foreign correspondent of a newspaper which was not only Liberal but Semitic? And had he not suggested that French culture might possibly be of a finer vintage than that of Berlin? A palinode, an apology, was obviously required: Herr Sieburg wrote *Es Werde Deutschland*, one of the most brilliant and distressing analyses of the German character that has ever been made.

It is necessary to understand this background in order to appreciate the subtle

implications of his latest book *Robespierre: A Study of a Dictator*. On its face value, this book is little more than a brilliantly colored picture of the Incorruptible. Herr Sieburg has delved deep into the national archives and has extracted from them sufficient material to produce a fictional biography (by which I mean a biography written in the style of a novel) which is wholly authentic.

Merely as a vivid account of the life and actions of the Incorruptible this book is remarkable enough. But it is more than that.

The author is impressed, for instance, by the fact that Robespierre was not a typical Frenchman and that the worship of the State is not a typically French form of worship:—

'The modern French conception of life, with its sparing and reluctant acknowledgment of the needs of a community to which it does not consider itself indebted, is the opposite to that of this implacable mystic who never tired of demanding the surrender of individual rights for the benefit of society.'

Although in this and other passages Herr Sieburg proclaims himself a convert to the Hegelian doctrine, it is never quite clear whether he regards Robespierre as a god or a lunatic, as an example or a warning. I incline to the belief that Herr Sieburg's real conviction is that somnambulism is a dangerous habit for those in power. Yet Herr Sieburg is beautifully cautious and discreet; his parable, if it is a parable, is never disclosed. His book ends in a question mark.

[The English translation of *Le Monastère Noir* by the Hungarian novelist Aladar Kuncz, which was reviewed in the December issue of THE LIVING AGE, can be procured from Harcourt, Brace and Company of New York.]

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

GOLIATH: THE MARCH OF FASCISM. By G. A. Borgese. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 483 pages. \$3.00.

GOLIATH is a study of the Italian mind and its bearing on the present state of Italy and the world. Its searching analysis of the passions and personalities that have helped make Fascism throws light on much that hitherto has been overlooked or misinterpreted.

The author was once literary and foreign editor of the *Corriere della Sera* (before Fascism the leading liberal newspaper in Italy) and professor of æsthetics in the University of Milan. But he refused to bend his knee, even in empty gesture, before the Fascist dictatorship. For this reason he is now living and teaching in America. The language of *Goliath*, alive and powerful, is one more proof that the narrow walls of nationalistic madness cannot capture the will to struggle for the freedom of mankind.

The Italian nation, according to Borgese, begins with Dante. And beginning with Dante, the Italian mind has continually been torn between the ideal of world unity, peace and spiritual freedom, and the lust for a resurrected Roman Empire. The ideal was the basis of the Risorgimento, but the great perversion has conquered, at least for a time. It won its battles in the Libyan War, in the World War and the Armed Peace, and rose to triumph with Fascism. Now it is clutching for a world to conquer.

It may be that the striding *Goliath* will throw his black mantle—the mantle of a black age—around all. Yet, even if this should come, 'dawn will rise, in days or generations. . . . From the gratuitousness of Fascism . . . man will learn a higher estimate of the power which resides in his imagination and will.'

Fascism may be primarily, as Professor Borgese says, 'an outburst of emotionalism and pseudo-intellectualism, thoroughly irrational in nature.' Convincingly he shows how the emotional fuel of Fascism was gathered under the influence of Dante, Machiavelli, D'Annunzio, Corradini, Marinetti. Yet what kindled the blaze? Local traditions and personalities can give but part of the answer. The search for the meaning of Fascism must go

further, to the unfolding of the institutions of property, politics and industrialism. From this point of view, *Goliath* is only a portion—a significant portion, to be sure—of the whole story. What is disturbing in this otherwise admirable book is not so much that Borgese neglects the social-economic basis of Fascism. It is, rather, his apparently conscientious minimization of it.

Certainly the great Italian landlords, threatened economically and politically by the hungry peasant masses, knew that they *must* wield the weapon of Fascism when they cried out in 1921: 'We are ready to defend our rights . . . not only to save ourselves, but also in order to defend civilization and progress. . . . We are defending sacred personal rights and class rights.' So, too, did the big industrialists when they announced triumphantly, three days after the March on Rome: 'We look to the new régime with great hopes. We will support the program of this régime with all our strength, for in it, for the first time after long years, a protection of property rights, the general obligation to work, a full valuation of the energy of the individual and of national sentiment are proclaimed vigorously.' The mythology of hyper-nationalism was not merely convenient to the seekers after political office. Its dominance over all alternative sentiments seemed desperately necessary for the salvation of the landed and industrial propertied and pseudo-propertied classes.

However, Professor Borgese, in emphasizing intellectual backgrounds, has made an important contribution toward the understanding of Fascism. And 'it is impossible to acquire an understanding of the contemporary world and a clear consciousness of what should be our political and social purposes for the near future without a knowledge of the essence and origin of Fascism in its homeland, Italy.'

—CARL T. SCHMIDT

NATIONALISM AND CULTURE. By Rudolf Rucker. Translated by Ray E. Chase. New York: Covici Friede. 1937. 574 pages. \$3.50.

HERE we are offered a glorious passion exhibited as a thesis. The passion is for freedom and the thesis is that 'it is not the form of

power, but power itself, which is the source of all evil, and that it must be abolished to open to man new outlooks for the future.' Power stalks through the book intent upon stifling spontaneity. The former is embodied in politics, the latter in culture. 'It follows that in periods when political thought and action prevail in society, cultural creation, and especially its higher forms, fall into decay and collapse.'

A wealth of interesting material is presented to illustrate this thesis. Nationalism bears the brunt of the author's attack. Its props—race, national consciousness in language, art and so forth—are exposed one by one as fictions, and political ambition is revealed as the core of nationalism.

Nationalism and Culture share both the dramatic flavor and the fatal weakness of oversimplified philosophies of history. Power, the villain of the piece, is essentially an abstraction, appearing now as the centralized State, now as the grasping Napoleon, now as the ruling class. The phenomena referred to are real enough: poverty and starvation, thwarted impulse and wasted lives. But it is not clear that these happenings should be unified for historical theory in terms of the purely psychological qualities of grasping domination and awe-struck self-abasement. The attempt to do this involves a vagueness in the formulation of concepts, so that the testing of the historical thesis becomes virtually impossible.

Such a blanket condemnation of power carries with it a neglect of the means of achieving freedom. This is all the more important because Dr. Rocker recognizes the shackling effect upon men's minds of traditional national and state conceptions. Without some direction of education and some fashioning of thought, how can change occur? His implication seems to be either that power will be used only by the enemies of freedom or else that some spontaneous outburst within men will make them reorganize their lives on the basis of fellowship.

Dr. Rocker draws on traditional anarchist theory when he stresses the spontaneous and incalculable element in man's nature. But he does not attempt to estimate what degree of calculability in men's actions is desirable—is, in fact, a necessary foundation for a free community. The result is an attitude akin to the early Stoic treatment of virtue: either you have it entire, or, if you fall even barely short of the mark, you are lost. So the touch of

power is enough to condemn without asking what were the alternatives faced. This appears, for example, in the author's unwillingness to differentiate tendencies in the Soviet Union from those in the Fascist countries, and again in his stress on what amounts to a cleansing of the soul where concrete recommendations might be expected.

—ABRAHAM EDEL

JAPAN OVER ASIA. By William Henry Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1937. 395 pages. \$3.50.

OMITTING all except the most essential background material, this book offers an excellent description of Japan's economic, political and social structure and of the problems raised by Japanese expansion. The author, who for more than two years has been the chief Far Eastern correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, ranges over a wide field, including the conflict of western and native ideas in Japanese life, and the superstitions, sports and customs of the people. The treatment is detailed, but never uninteresting or trivial.

Since the book is, in general, very objective in tone, it carries no obvious message; yet the author's views on fundamental questions are not really obscured. Holding, for example, that 'there simply is not enough land to go around,' he calls Japan a 'proletarian nation' in which over-population brings poverty to the whole people and serves as the chief cause of foreign adventure.

In dealing with the international implications of Japanese expansion, he sees no imminent danger of war between Japan and any Western Power, nor does he consider such a war ultimately inevitable—even with Soviet Russia. Writing of America, he indicates a policy of isolation, saying that our economic interests do not warrant war with Japan.

It is in factual analysis that Mr. Chamberlin is at his best. His interpretations are often open to question. In stressing over-population as the greatest single cause of Japanese aggression, for instance, he forgets that according to his own figures over two-thirds of Japan's peasants rent all or part of their land, and pay additional tribute to the fertilizer trust, middlemen and tax collectors. Moreover, the cost of the invasion of Manchuria has brought lower wages and higher taxes. It would seem,

therefore, that internal reforms and the curbing of militarism would make possible a sharp rise in the living standards of the Japanese people. The population problem would not then be so serious. Similarly, in the international field the author fails to see that America is interested in peace as well as in trade, or that action can be taken which will help curb Japan and yet not involve us in war.

These and other questions cannot be discussed in detail here, but what has been said indicates the nature of the book's weaknesses. Yet it is necessary again to stress that Mr. Chamberlin has made a contribution to the popular understanding of the present situation in the Far East.

—LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER

EUROPA IN LIMBO. By Robert Briffault. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. 476 pages. \$2.75.

THE GREEN GRAPE. By Simone Ratel. Translated by Marie Sneyd and Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 307 pages. \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH a new reader can follow this book without knowledge of its predecessor, it is a direct continuation of *Europa*. The narrative picks up immediately where the earlier novel left off—in August, 1914—and brings essentially the same group of personages through the World War and the Russian Revolution.

Europa in Limbo will hardly win the public by the orthodox virtues of a novel. These virtues are almost ostentatiously lacking. The device of a shadowy yet omniscient narrator is less crude than needless. Undeniably crude, however, are the multiple coincidences of the plot. Nor can the style be praised, with its dryness bespattered by polyglot obscenities. Graver still, the actors rarely come to life; even when they cease being mere mouthpieces, one feels little interest in their personal fortunes.

This last is no doubt deliberate. The central figure is not Julian Bern, but Europa, who represents all our collapsing Western civilization. Though we may be disturbed by the violence of Briffault's strictures (he pretends to no judicial calm) we cannot dispute the justice of many of his charges. Perhaps he devotes too much space to the bestiality of the war. Others have done this as well, though none with a more savage naturalism. Where Briffault is

particularly qualified is just where public interest lies in these threatened days—in the exposure of diplomatic and financial skulduggery, and of profits as the sinews of war: the Salonika armies held back to prevent damage to the Bessarabian oil fields and Britain approving her enemies' early aid to the Bolsheviks, lest a Russia grown too strong insist on the fulfillment of Downing Street promises. Although increasingly familiar, this material is still dramatic. So is the conversation between Julian and Lord Sware after the war, when the statesman admits that the one aim of England's foreign policy is the extirpation of Communism, and that even national and imperial interests will come to count less than the class interests of Britain's rulers.

One need not see eye to eye with the author to feel that the fervor of his political faith vitalizes the book, yet only his blindest partisan can deny that the propaganda, often effective in its vehemence, would be still more effective in a better novel.

SIMONE RATEL continues the chronicle of the Durras family, begun in *The House in the Hills*, and brings it through the children's schooldays down to their young maturity after the war. Throughout, the father remains a tyrant, against whom are aligned mother, son, daughter, niece and authoress—this last ally making the contest a bit unfair. Nevertheless, the study of the suspicious and thwarted Amédée Durras, who often recalls the father in Duhamel's Pasquier cycle, is the most interesting in the novel. As the title suggests, the writer is concerned with inherited traits and with the clash of personalities inside the family group rather than with broader influences of environment. Within her chosen limits, she observes and analyzes keenly, and achieves certain memorable scenes. Too frequently, however, passages are marred by a studied originality of expression that is certain to repel many readers.

—D'ELBERT KEENAN

ONE LIFE, ONE KOPECK. By Walter Duranty. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1937. 333 pages. \$2.50.

WALTER DURANTY tells the story of Ivan Petrovich Petrov, a peasant lad who was sent to a Siberian prison camp because of the sins of his young master. In Siberia his revolu-

tionary education began, for there he met Druzak the Bolshevik, who urged him to serve in the armies of the Tsar so that he might lead men in battle when the day of reckoning should come. After surviving the blood bath of the Eastern Front, Ivan worked in a munitions factory in Moscow, shaping both metal and men for the bloody days to come. Love affairs, revolutionary agitation and dangerous adventure in the camp of his enemies, the Whites, follow quickly. In the final chapters young Ivan is in command of a detachment of veteran Red soldiers behind the White lines in Siberia.

Although the book is so replete with adventure that it will satisfy the most avid seeker after vicarious thrills, its significance goes far beyond mere excitement. It is a most convincing explanation of how a peasant lad from one of the myriad villages of Holy Russia was made into a revolutionary—convincing because of the realistic atmosphere in which the action takes place. Not for nothing has Duranty spent some fifteen years of the post-War period in the Soviet Union. Where many another correspondent complained of the hardships and scoffed at the awkward strivings of a benighted people to grope their way forward, Duranty learned to know much of the folk among whom his lot was cast. In his pages we are immersed in the crudities, the ignorance and the foul air that were the lot of the masses in Imperial Russia. Moreover, he must have made a thorough study of Russian history, for he describes the torture chambers of the prison at Riga—the subject of angry interpellations in the Duma in 1906 and 1907—the disastrous war of unarmed men against the German military machine, and the hectic atmosphere of that speculators' paradise, Moscow in the heyday of Rasputin. His account of the disintegration of the gray mob of peasants that had been the army of the Tsar rings true no less than the story of Ivan's guerrilla activities behind the lines of Kolchak's forces in Siberia. Here is an author who can depict men under fire and their reactions to defeat, victory and death. Probably no other writer from the West could present so authentic a picture of the Russian upheaval.

On the other hand, the question will perhaps arise as to whether Duranty has not tried to do too much. His canvas is so broad and so crowded with scenes that it is inevitable that some of the intensity is lost. After reading

Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don*—a book which has a somewhat similar subject—it is hard not to feel that Duranty has sacrificed something by including so much.

Again, while the men are realistically portrayed, the women come off less well. Granting that a man uprooted would meet few women of a normal manner of life, the author might have introduced one or two feminine characters possessed of the dignity and steadfastness common to so many Russian women. And as for the prostitutes, it is difficult to believe that even a handsome and extravagant young soldier would be able to find such paragons as did our hero.

In spite of these flaws, there is convincing power in this portrayal of the making of a determined, ruthless Bolshevik out of an inexperienced peasant lad. Mr. Duranty has caught the fire of the revolutionary spirit—the pent-up hatred, and the lofty but hard-headed idealism as well—so that even those who shudder at the brutality of the Russian 'sheep-wolves' must sympathize with the struggle of the millions for a better life.

—JOHN S. CURTISS

YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE. By *Heinrich Mann*. Translated from the German by *Eric Sutton*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. 585 pages. \$3.00.

EXCEPTIONAL in scope, unusual in method, this is the best historical novel likely to come our way for many a season. Based on Henry of Navarre's childhood until his ascent to the throne of France in 1589, it is no mere pretty-pretty flapdoodle of waving banners and glistening armor, but the product of deep learning and knowledge of an era and its people. The growth of Henry's character and the exciting course of his career are presented with insight and sympathetic imagination, and the figures of the book move against a background of passion, intrigue and action that displays not only the novelist's cunning but a wide acquaintance with the chroniclers of the times.

It is not always easy reading. Sometimes the author's scrupulousness, his detachment and analysis, result in heavy going, as though with proverbial German thoroughness he had done his job rather too well. The characters are over-fond of labyrinthine digressions and their long moralizings often obscure the realism and drama of the work. Yet with all its blemishes

the book is impressive and effective and, at the cost of some patience and application, infinitely rewarding. It is not to take too much for granted to assume that in writing it Mr. Mann has been ruefully aware of the parallel between the bitter and irreconcilable wars of creeds of the sixteenth century and the conflicts that rend Europe today and mock our boasts of progress and enlightenment.

—B. H.

LOST HERITAGE. By Bruno Frank. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 297 pages. \$2.50.

ON THE jacket of this book the story is described as though it were a cloak-and-sword novel, and unfortunately the description is partly true, for it reveals at once how much and how little the Nazi conquest of Germany has changed Frank. How much it has changed him we see in the fact that he concerns himself with the most serious problem of our day: the fight against Fascism. How little it has changed him we see in his choice of a humanist aristocrat as his protagonist.

This is the story of Prince Ludwig, son of a reigning prince and cousin to all the thrones of Europe, who is deeply immersed in the humanitarian, liberal culture of the old Germany. Never for a moment can he accept Fascism, any more than Fascism can permit

the ideals which give his life meaning to remain undestroyed. He must, therefore, leave Germany to find refuge in England, where he falls in love with a Jewish girl who represents all those things which are important to him — and blood, whether royal or Aryan, is not one of them.

The novel is therefore one of flight; but in his flight Prince Ludwig learns a number of things. Most important of all, he learns that the humanitarian ideals he loved in Germany are still to be found in the German middle class and the German workers, if not among the rulers of Germany. Another thing he learns, and one that is significant of the change that has taken place and will perhaps continue to take place in Frank, is that art is more than æstheticism, that Goya's greatness lies not in the skill with which he painted innumerable portraits of princes and princesses, but rather in the passion with which he depicted the struggling, suffering people of Spain. The section of the book in which Frank describes the growth of this realization in Ludwig is at the same time good criticism and stirring writing.

This novel needs reading not only for itself, but because our incapacity for sustained indignation makes it necessary for us to be reminded from time to time of what Fascism means and what it does to human decency.

—JOSEPH KRESH

[Our book reviewers this month include: Carl T. Schmidt of Columbia University, who has made detailed studies of the state of Italian agriculture (see THE LIVING AGE, January, 1937), and whose latest book, *The Plough and the Sword: Labor, Land and Property in Fascist Italy*, will be published in January by the Columbia University Press; Dr. Abraham Edel of the Department of Philosophy at City College, a frequent contributor to philosophical magazines; Lawrence K. Rosinger, who is now engaged in research on Far Eastern affairs; D'Elbert Keenan, Professor of French at New York University; John S. Curtiss, Professor of History at Brooklyn College; and Joseph Kresh, free-lance writer and reviewer.]

WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

MOST of the organizations whose activities are noted each month on this page are concerned primarily with preserving peace either by remaining strictly neutral in the event of wars abroad, or else by coöperating with the League of Nations and other organs of collective security. Less assertive, because large appropriations for the Army and Navy have not been popular in recent years, are other groups which believe that the United States can best remain at peace if we make ourselves too strong to be safely attacked. One of these organizations is the Navy League of the United States (Mills Building, Washington, D. C.), which on December 1st adopted a resolution calling for the immediate strengthening of the auxiliary categories of the Navy. The League also issued the following pessimistic statement on the situation in the Western Hemisphere and the Pacific area:—

‘With an American ship seized by a Japanese naval crew—the American flag hauled down and thrown into the Whangpoo River; with the Philippines and Guam under the protectorate of the American flag—with no protection within seven thousand miles; with Brazil on its knees to a dictator, under European influence or example; with Peru turning over its police force to Italian generals; with the trade of Argentina pledged to England; with the ‘Open Door in China’ slammed in our face; with the Monroe Doctrine gone glimmering; with the dominance of the Pacific in grave doubt; with our fleet without bases from which to operate either in the Far East or the Caribbean and without merchant ship auxiliaries to give it mobility—does it not behoove us to put our house in order.’

ACCORDING to a survey recently made public by the Neutrality Committee of

the National Economic and Social Planning Association (1721 I Street, Washington, D. C.), the American people have entirely failed to appreciate the tremendous sacrifices that must be made if we remain strictly neutral in the event of a European war. The Committee point out that interests employing 2,000,000 persons would be severely affected, and that the sudden liquidation of foreign-owned securities amounting to \$1,500,000,000 into cash for the purchase of supplies would ‘derange American security markets and American security.’

THE American Friends Service Committee (20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.), in recent reports of its relief work on both sides in the Spanish Struggle warns that distress will be acute during the winter months. Letters from Quaker relief workers at Barcelona reveal that the sinking of so many Loyalist food-ships by the Insurgents has made the problem of caring for the tremendous number of refugees really desperate. The Friends Committee does not appeal directly for funds, although they are obviously needed to carry on its really impartial relief work.

A PAMPHLET entitled *America and the Far Eastern War* has been prepared for the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations by Wm. W. Lockwood, Jr. This discussion of the issues of the conflict in the light of American interest can be obtained from the Institute (129 East 52nd Street, New York City). The price is 10 cents.

THE Foreign Policy Association announces that Varian Fry, formerly editor of *THE LIVING AGE*, has been appointed editor of the well-known series of F. P. A. ‘Headline Books.’

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

light on a disturbing factor in international finance. [p. 406]

REMINISCENT of the writing of Jean Giono is Lucien Maulvault's short story, 'Knud the Woodsman.' It is a weird tale, for simple-minded Knud is a true son of Pan, who understands the inarticulate creatures of the northern woods much better than he does the ever-hungry Rognar, who shares his cabin. [p. 410]

VERY gradually the world is becoming prepared for Germany's return as a colonial power, although it is uncertain about how and when the return will occur. In a group entitled 'Place in the Sun,' an Englishman and a Frenchman deal with two aspects of Germany's demand for her old colonies. Patrick Balfour bases his article, 'Germans As Masters,' on a study of conditions and sentiment among the natives of the former German colonies. Mr. Balfour is the author of *Lords of the Equator*. [p. 426] Paul Elbel, author of the second article, 'A Substitute for Colonies,' is Chairman of the Radical Socialist bloc in the French Chamber and one of the economic experts of his party. His views on the colonial question may therefore be regarded as highly representative. [p. 429]

SO STARTLING have been the rumors coming out of Poland that the London *Daily Herald* sent A. L. Easterman, one of its star reporters, to Warsaw to get first-hand information about the preparation of the expected Fascist *coup d'état*. Mr. Easterman's report, confirming our recent warnings in the 'World Over,' will be found in the article, 'Poland, Land of Whispers.' [p. 433]

IT CAN no longer be doubted that the Japanese believe they have a 'Mission' in

Asia. The first of our articles on the Far East is an interpretation of this mission by Yosuke Matsuoka, President of the great South Manchuria Railway and formerly Japanese Delegate to the Council of the League of Nations. [p. 437] The second article, 'Baikal—Key to Asia,' was written by Harrison Brown, the roving British correspondent whose vivid picture of China's growing Nipponophobia appeared in our October issue. [p. 439]

MOST of the 'Hashish Smuggling in Egypt' is accomplished over the rocky plateaus and sands of the Sinai Peninsula. Major C. S. Jarvis, who describes the illicit traffic, was formerly Governor of Sinai. [p. 442]

OUR 'Miscellany' comprises three odd pieces that have been gleaned from the foreign press. A. T. Cholerton, a British correspondent in Moscow, writes about the present state of Lenin's mummy [p. 448]; Philip Hewitt-Myring gives an amusing description of the red tape foreigners must contend with when they desire to be married in a French Provincial town [p. 450]; F. Winder describes in *Pester Lloyd* the efforts which the Nazi authorities are already making to train wives for their future colonists in Africa. [p. 452]

THE first of this month's 'Persons' is Andrei Vyshinski, the Soviet Prosecutor who has charge of the Kremlin's cases against its more important enemies, by A. Timofeyev, a Russian writer who quite naturally paints a favorable portrait of him. [p. 418] In the second sketch, André Rousseaux describes Roger Martin du Gard, whose modern *comédie humaine*, *Les Thibault*, has won for him the Nobel Prize for Literature. [p. 420] Last is an appraisal of the strongly contrasted characters of General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek by Lancelot Foster, who is a professor at Hong Kong. [p. 422]